

NFL PLAYOFFS • COLLEGE BOWLS ISSUE

SPORTS

SETTING FREE THE BEARS

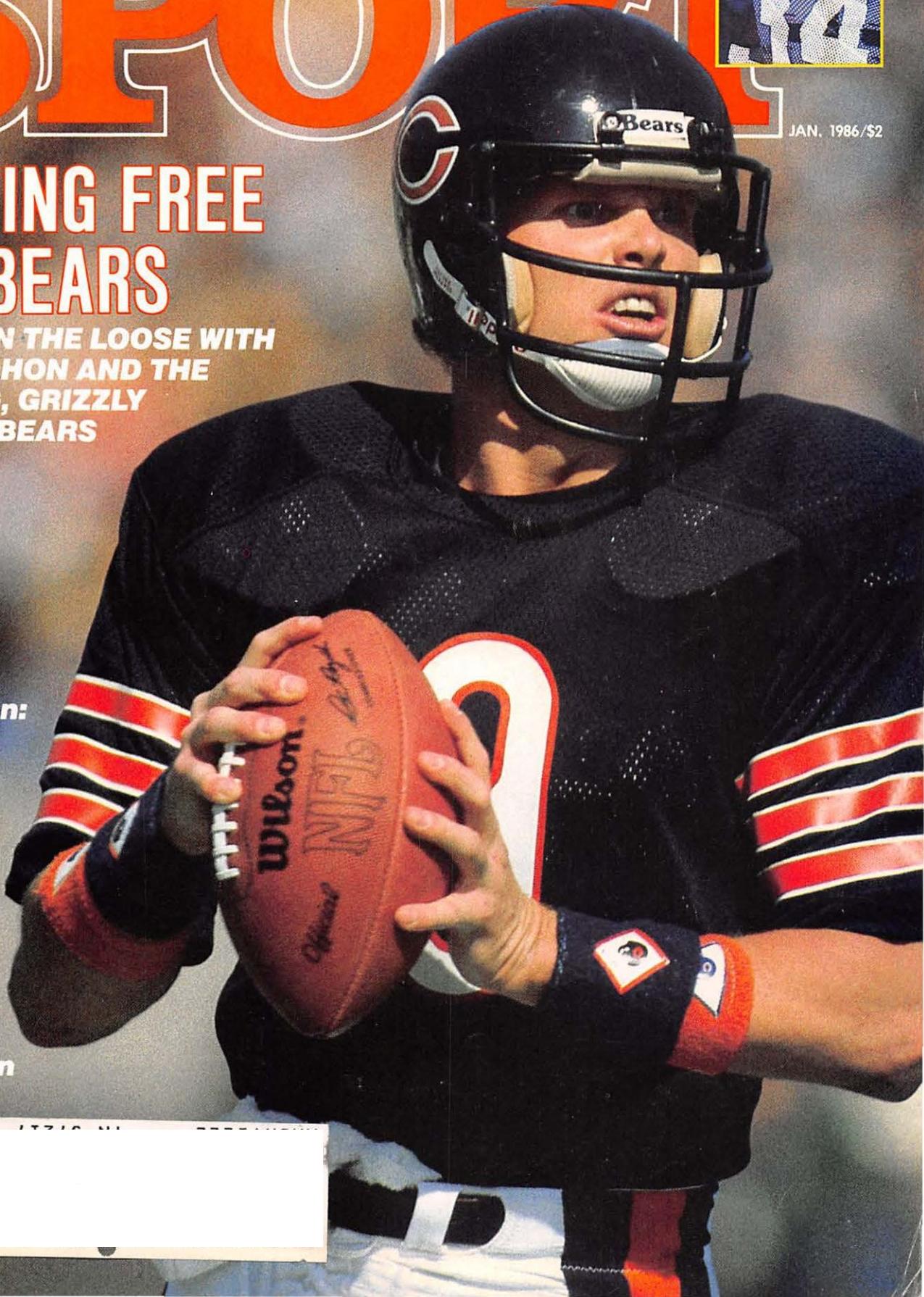
A WEEK ON THE LOOSE WITH
JIM McMAHON AND THE
GRINNING, GRIZZLY
CHICAGO BEARS

JAN. 1986/\$2

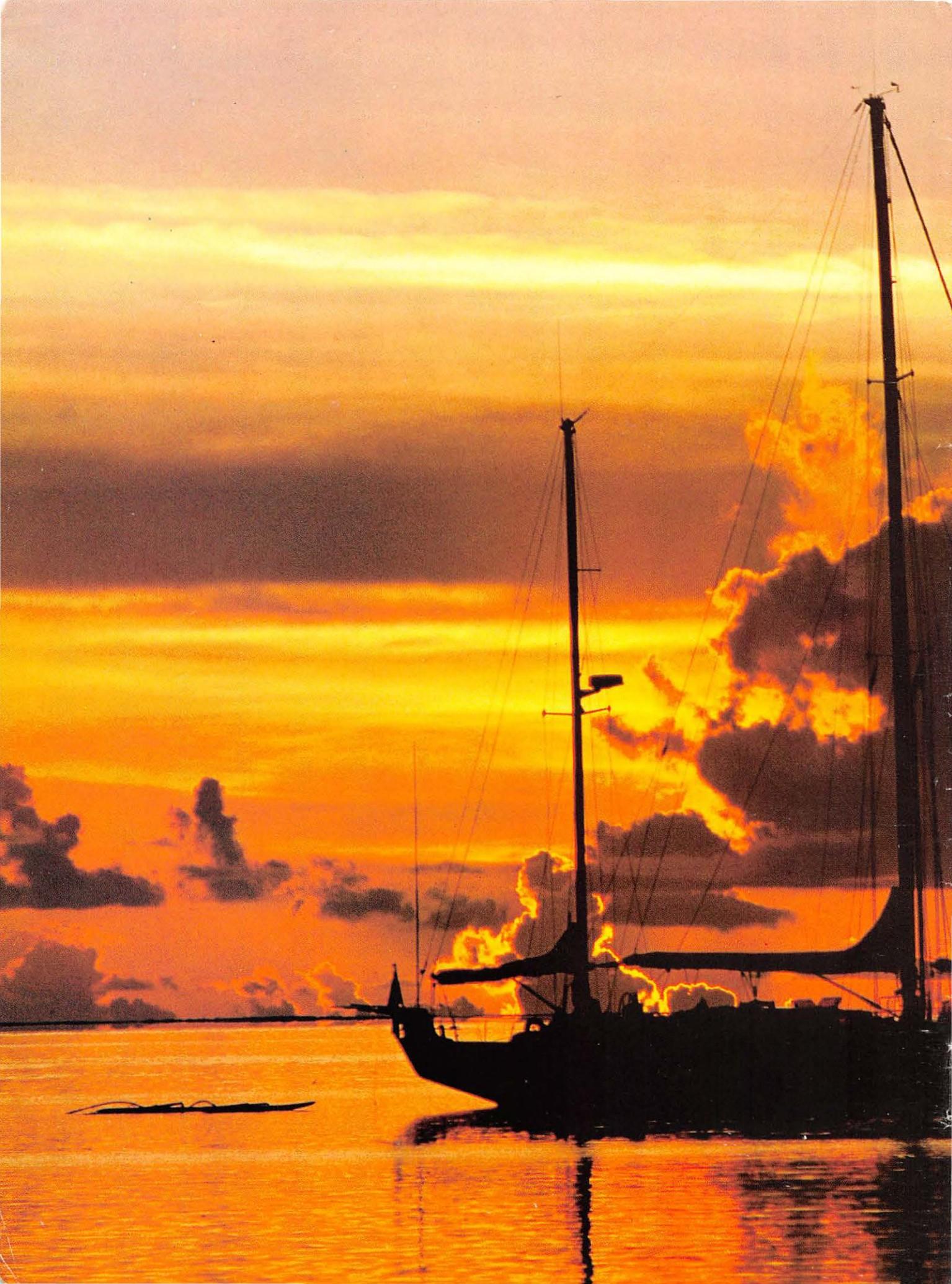
PLUS

Auburn's
Bo Jackson:
Man,
Superman

Big Man
In the
Big East:
The
Mystery
Of
Dwayne
Washington



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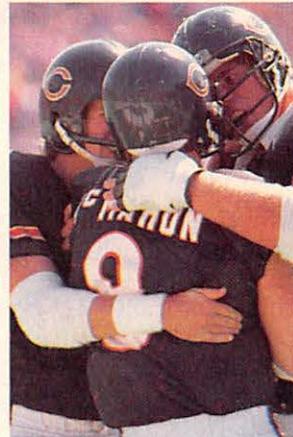
SAXON SOOTHING AFTER SHAVE.

**PLEASE DON'T
FEED THE BEARS**

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The Chicago Bears have a quarterback who loves to hit, a running back who likes to pass and a 314-pound Refrigerator who wants to do everything. They're even stranger off the field. Come spend a week inside their cage.

By Kevin Lamb



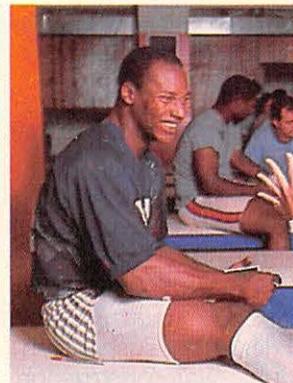
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Seattle's Kenny Easley is the hardest hitter in football, a throwback to the bad-ass Raiders defenses. In the Year of the Safety, he's also a peek into the future.

By David Whitford

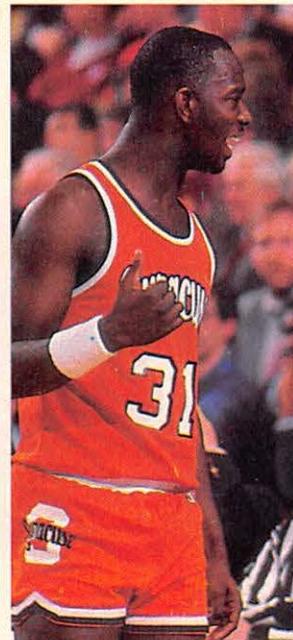


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**BO JACKSON,
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He's the best college football player in the country, the best college baseball player in the country, the best...well, a picture is worth a thousand words.

A photo essay by John McDonough



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**TROUBLE IN
RIVER CITY**

57

Harry Ornест rescued the Blues for St. Louis and gave the city a first-place team. And now the people of St. Louis hate him for it.

By Calvin Fussman

**UPWARD
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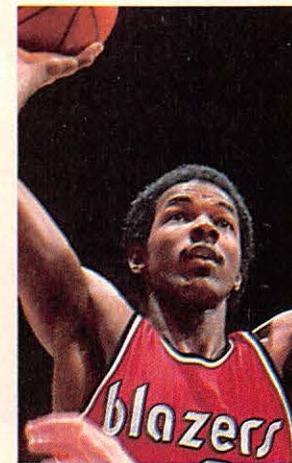
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It takes a special player to push all-star Jim Paxson to the bench and make Jack Ramsay change his coaching style. That player is Clyde Drexler, and he is just beginning.

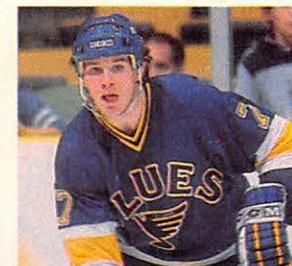
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Will Dwayne Washington come out of his shell to lead Syracuse to a national title? Or will he clam up and be just another high-school-stud-turned-underachiever. This is the year we find out.

By Jeff Coplon

**THE
ULTIMATE FAN**

71

The toughest ticket in sports—and how to get it. What an athlete's car says about him. Why mini-TVs are good for you and why you can really take them out to the ballgame. All in our new section, a practical guide for the insatiable fan.

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The coach of the Utah Jazz is fond of loud clothing, loud opinions and teaching quiet teams to make some noise.

By Jeff Coplon

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In Texas, coaches rule the airwaves

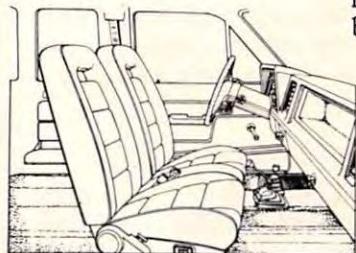
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The Long Ranger.

Tough Ford Ranger Supercab 4x4.

Ford's new Ranger SuperCab is here...with more room and comfort than ever! Ranger's new 2.9L V-6 engine is the most powerful in any small pickup, too. And new "Touch-Drive" option lets you shift to 4WD high on the fly!

Now there's a tough, small 4-wheeler that gives you more room for off-road roamin'!



Ford's new Ranger SuperCab has over 22 cu. ft. of space behind the split-back front seat—more room than any Ranger ever. With optional rear jump-seats, it's the only small pickup that can ride five.

Most powerful V-6!

There's extra off-road power, too—140 horses* worth in Ford's new, bigger 2.9L V-6 option. It's the most powerful engine in any small pickup!

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New "Touch-Drive" system.

When the outback beckons, just touch and

Above all, this Ranger 4x4 is one tough truck—built Ford tough, with a Twin-Traction beam independent front suspension...double-wall construction...tough ladder-type frame. And a payload of 1500 lbs.

Special STX trim.

All this off-road room and toughness comes with all the "goodies," too, in the new

go for it! A button in Ford's new "Touch-Drive" console shifts electrically from 2WD to 4WD high and back at any speed. Nobody ever made it simpler! (Manual locking hubs are still standard for you traditional off-rovers.)



Ranger STX optional package—sporty trim, Captain's Chairs, lower two-tone accent, the works. It's the look that says, "4-wheelin', you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

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FORD RANGER

BEST-BUILT AMERICAN TRUCKS





Ford

A PLAGUE ON BOTH THEIR LEAGUES

I enjoyed your World Series article on the differences between the two major leagues ("They're Leagues Apart," November). But you forgot to talk about the appalling quality of baseball scouting today. Years ago, quality teams had scouts to evaluate and rate talent. But now you see teams like Detroit, Philadelphia and L.A. making well over 130 errors, .230 hitters getting 20-30 homers and pitchers in the majors who sorely need two or more years of seasoning. I just hope there will be quality baseball in the twenty-first century.

Kenneth D. Lone
Mt. Morris, Michigan

Your evaluation of Keith Moreland as one who is out of his league doesn't hold up. He gets better every year and will soon be in the superstar category. For example, this year he had over 100 RBIs and hit over .300. I have seen him make spectacular catches and throws. He also plays the outfield, first base, third base and catcher. Sounds more like an MVP than a DH.

Jon Epstein
Universal City, California

HAIL MARCUS

The article on Marcus Allen, "Trouble in Paradise" (November), was fair and intriguing. I don't believe that the reporter you wrote about, Alan Greenberg, has a faint idea of what fairness is, especially in regard to Marcus Allen, who should be praised for wanting to maintain a decent image for himself and his team. Overly sensitive? I think not. I only hope that he'll stand strong and remain undaunted by these adverse times.

Rozlind I. Mann
Washington, D.C.

Marcus Allen is a fine running back. He is also an above-average receiver and has, with the possible exception of Walter Payton, the best passing arm of all the running backs in the NFL. So I, for one, will continue to cheer the efforts of Marcus Allen.

Shannon Toothman
Austin, Texas

THE GREAT WAIT

Mike Tyson entered the Olympic trials in the wrong weight class ("The Next Great Heavyweight," November). He should have entered as a super-heavyweight. Tyson far overshadowed Tyrell Biggs and the remaining super-heavies. However, there were serious stamina questions raised by Tyson's two bouts with Henry Tillman that have yet to be answered. He was devoid of footwork and seemed to become easily frustrated. Hopefully these deficiencies have been eliminated and Tyson will earn the respect associated with the article's title.

Yvonne Bryant
Chicago, Illinois

OH YEAH, OU?

For your information, Coach Switzer, Oklahoma State University does graduate farmers and veterinarians ("A State of War," November); however, the largest number of graduates consistently comes from the College of Arts and Sciences. The School of Architecture is listed as No. 1 in the nation. OSU's student population is larger than OU's. Therefore, no legitimate reason exists for calling OU "The University." Pick yourself up from the ground, Barry. That pedestal you're falling off can't be all that tall.

Karen Carter
Assistant Professor of Music
Oklahoma State University

NOLO CONTENDERE

Your suggestion—certainly not an omission—that the University of North Carolina drop football ("The Way It Ought to Be," November) is a sound one that probably will gather support as this season progresses. Keep up the thought-provoking articles.

Tom Harbin

Asheville, North Carolina

Certainly, yes, an omission. We're not mean, just forgetful, and we apologize to UNC, Mississippi and Miami (Fla.) for proposing a realignment of the college football conferences without including them.—Ed.

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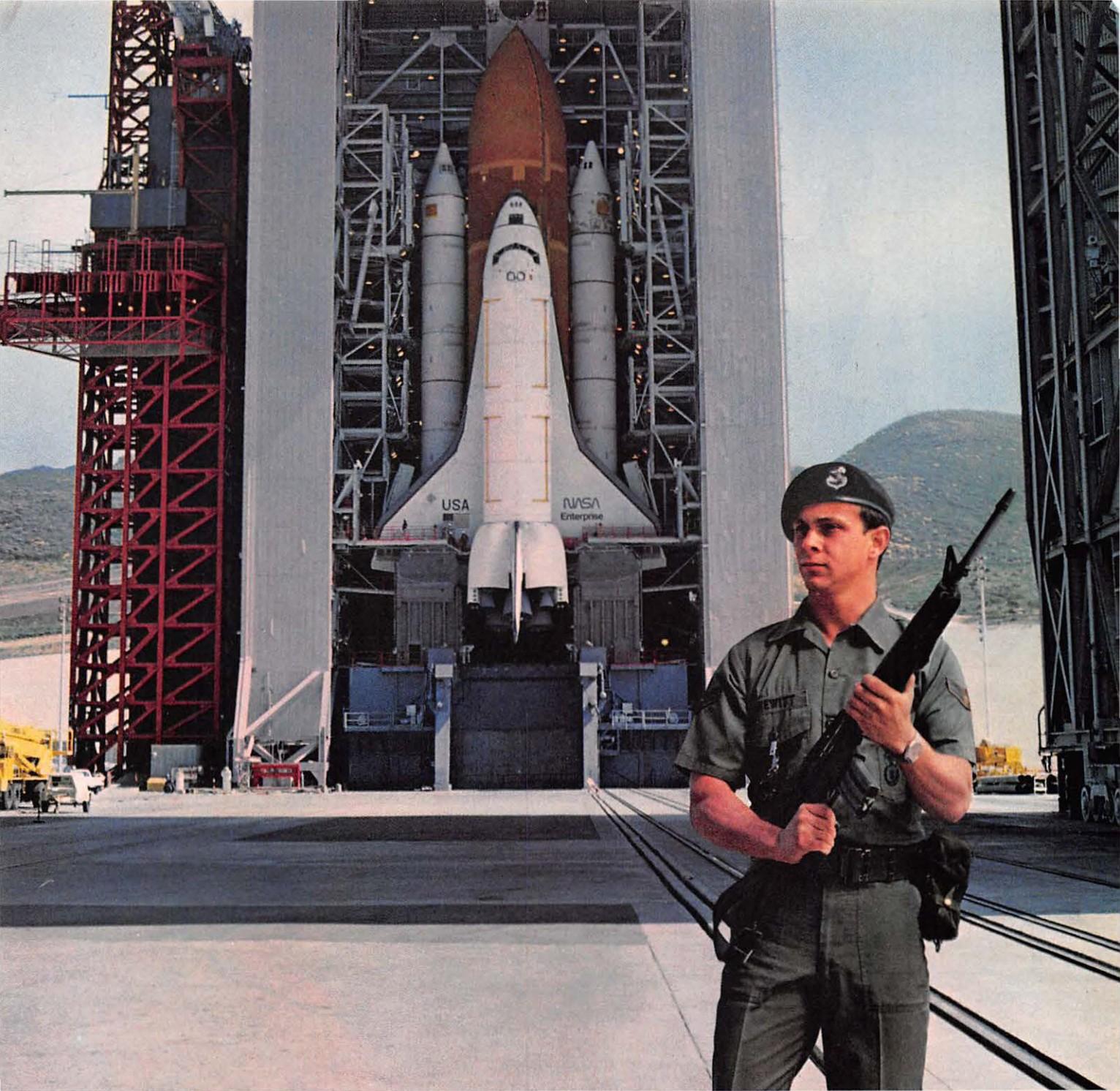
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WHY SPOT DRUG TESTING CAN'T WORK

Baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth touched off this year's hottest issue in sports when he called for mandatory spot testing of all baseball players. His rationale is that urinalysis is the only way to clean up the game.

But there are serious flaws to Ueberroth's contention and they go beyond legal, moral or ethical questions. The flaws are technical. Urinalysis, according to experts, is "a highly inaccurate science." And inaccurate results can destroy careers.

Only one drug test is thought to be 100 percent accurate—a test known as GC/Mass Spec—but that test is expensive, \$85 to \$100 a pop. Cheaper (\$5-\$10) and easier (the person administering the test need not be a licensed technician) tests like EMIT, RIA and TLC are used as a screening test by many corporations and by the military. One of the latter tests will most likely be used by baseball.

But many studies have shown significant "false positive" results; that is, positive identification of drug use that can't be confirmed by more accurate tests like GC/Mass Spec. Some false positive readings of up to 25 percent have been reported, meaning one in four may be falsely labeled a drug user.

"Each measurement and each drug may require many steps, and each step may provoke error," writes Dr. John Morgan, author of "Problems of Mass Urine Testing for Misused Drugs," a study published in the October-December 1984 issue of the *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*. "Drug measurement is not easy. Precision drug measurement is even harder."

What can go wrong? The equipment used for testing may be contaminated or unclean; previous samples may leave a carry-over effect; operator error (particularly with tests designed for nonspecialist technicians) is always possible; most of the cheaper

tests are not specific for a single compound; and other chemicals in the urine—even natural ones—might set the test off.

And what can go wrong often does. A study conducted by the Center for Disease Control and published last April in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* looked into the performance of 13 drug-testing laboratories servicing 262 drug-treatment facilities. Error rates for these facilities, which in most cases used EMIT or TLC, often hit 100 percent—they were always wrong. False positive readings were seen in 6 percent of

positive urine samples, 2,000 could not be "scientifically substantiated as positive," and another 2,000 were missing some form of documentation;

- On April 2, 1985, a U.S. District Court enjoined the New York Department of Corrections from taking any disciplinary action against inmates based on unconfirmed EMIT or similar tests.

Ueberroth's office would not comment on these findings, nor reveal what kind of tests they'd like to use. Let's say they duplicate the plan implemented in the minor leagues last season: a pre-screen with EMIT, and, if the

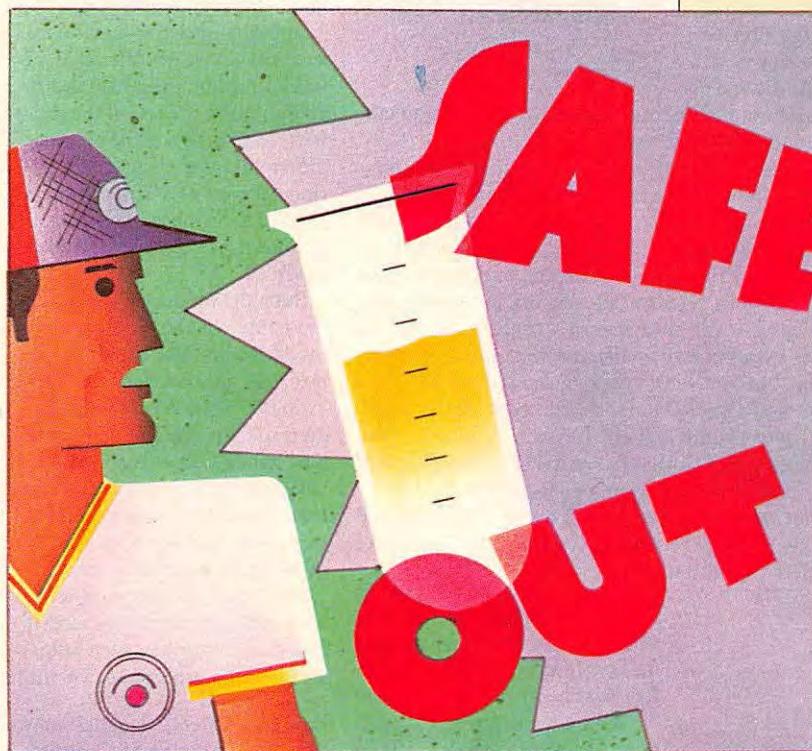


ILLUSTRATION BY BOB SCOTT

cocaine tests, 66 percent of methadone and 37 percent of amphetamines. With cocaine testing, 5 of the 13 labs had a zero percent correct-response rate.

The inaccuracy of these tests can lead to embarrassing, not to mention expensive, legal consequences:

- The Morgan article reported that the U.S. Army was reviewing the results of 100,000 tests, with the possibility that 30,000 military personnel might be eligible to have disciplinary action against them dismissed;
- The Navy found that of 6,000

results are positive, a confirmation with GC/Mass Spec. The contamination problem exists, as well as the defamation of the player who originally tested positive—especially if the initial results get out to the public.

"Technology traps people," concludes Morgan, who compares EMIT tests to lie-detector tests. "Such entrapment is aided by a refusal to be critical in the face of flawed technological approaches."

Urinalysis, therefore, is not a panacea. It may in fact cause more problems than it solves.

BASEBALL'S FEVER: YOU MAY BE NEXT

The loudest outcry against spot drug testing has come from civil libertarians. They contend that across-the-board testing violates:

- The spirit of the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution (only government entities are bound to it), which protects individuals from search and seizure without reasonable cause;

- The presumption that all men are innocent until proven guilty. Just the opposite is true, they say, in the Ueberroth proposal.

Richard Emery, a staff attorney for the New York Civil Liberties Union, calls it "a practice that would be tolerated only in Yugoslavia or Argentina. It is fundamentally un-American."

Emery cites the National Basketball Association's program as a more progressive way to go. In the NBA plan, the

team must show reasonable cause before asking a player to submit to testing.

But it's baseball's program that may have the most far-reaching effects. Emery notes the idea of spot testing has been implanted in the minds of businesses and school districts. "Baseball has made drug testing very popular," he says. "We're getting more calls than ever." A lot of those calls are coming from corporations, many of which already are spot-checking employees.

Who knows? Before long your boss may be asking you to fill the glass vial.

TED TURNER WORKOUT: LOSE IT OR ELSE

Many who watched the Atlanta Braves waddle to a 66-96 record and a fifth-place finish last season felt the team ultimately collapsed under its own weight. Not only did Terry Forster draw national attention for his blimp-like beltline, but other Braves, like Rafael Ramirez, Ken Oberkfell and Chris Chambliss, became the target of fat jokes in the local papers.

One person who did not appreciate the humor in watching America's Team turn into the Eddie Haagen-Haas Braves was owner Ted Turner. At the end of the season, the tempestuous Turner ordered the entire team to take a battery of fitness and flexibility tests.

"Everyone will be tested over the winter and given a training regimen," says Dave Pursley, the team's trainer. "Mr. Turner has arranged for the players to work out at Atlanta Baptist Hospital under the supervision of Dr. John Cantwell, the team's cardiologist."

Pursley adds that not every player was overweight, but many seemed out of shape. "Some managers here have stressed being in shape more than others," he says, "but it's always been a problem in the off-season when a player lives somewhere like the West Coast. You can tell him to work out, but you can't check to see if he does."

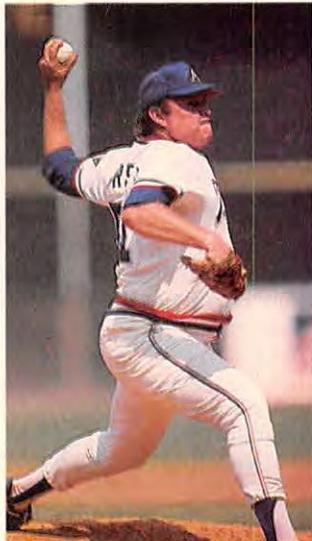
With incoming manager Chuck Tanner also likely to stress fitness, the players already have begun following Turner's orders like good soldiers. But team captain Bob Horner has said that the weight problem is just a handy excuse for the team's poor showing.

Whether it is or not won't matter to Terry Forster. He's been told to slim down from his "listed" weight of 210 pounds by December 20 if he is to be offered a contract for next year.

THE COLLEGE OF COACHING KNOWLEDGE

The straightest path to an NBA coaching job begins with a job at a college with a big recruiting budget and lots of visibility, right? Not necessarily. Take St. Joseph's University in Philadelphia.

With a student body of 2,400 and a budget roughly half of what the big boys play with, St. Joseph's has sent five former players or coaches to the NBA ranks in the last 17 years. The parade started in 1968 with Jack Ramsay (Buffalo, 76ers, Trail Blazers), and includes Jack McKinney (Lakers and Kansas City), Paul Westhead (Lakers and Bulls) and



Forster: A fat chance.

THE SUNKIST BOWL: FIESTA OR FIASCO?

Each year, New Year's Day bowls get more ambitious in the amount of money paid to each team. But this year Fiesta Bowl officials have found a new source of income that has not only tested the patience of NBC Sports, but may also redefine the way bowls do business in the future.

The controversy stems from a five-year, \$7.5-million agreement signed in September between the Fiesta Bowl and Sunkist Growers. The deal allows the Bowl to up its appearance fees from \$890,000 to \$1.1 million this year, and to \$2 million by the end of the contract. In return, Sunkist becomes the exclusive sponsor of six peripheral events—and of the game itself. The game is now officially known as the Sunkist Fiesta Bowl.

But NBC will not acknowledge the name change. First, there's the matter of NBC's advertising revenue; the network charges \$106,000 for a 60-second commercial spot. By going around NBC, Sunkist could conceivably have gotten a free advertising ride. Once NBC made that position clear, the two parties began negotiating commercial spots.

NBC has another concern: This is the first time an event of this magnitude has been sponsored by a corporation. In the

have great talent," laughs Ramsay. "But they gave an all-out effort to a team game."

Current head coach Jim Boyle, whose squad is favored to win the Atlantic 10, isn't about to tinker with a successful formula. "I feel a keen responsibility to maintain our past success. Last year our team was in the top 10 in defensive field-goal percentage and points-against, two of the areas Ramsay always stressed," says Boyle. "That's not a coincidence."

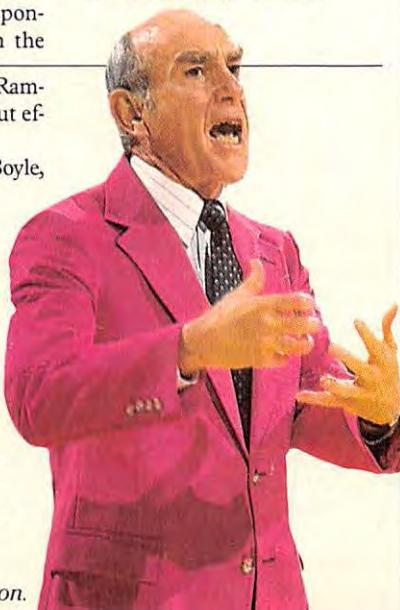
Ramsay: Tradition, tradition.

past, networks have made exceptions regarding tennis, golf and bowling, but, as one NBC official asks, "If this creeps into pro football and baseball, will there be a Budweiser Rose Bowl or a Miller World Series?"

"Our network is saying, 'Stop the overcommercialization of sports,'" says NBC spokesman Steve Griffith. "We're willing to sell Sunkist commercial time, but we can't embrace the game as the Sunkist Fiesta Bowl."

A broader question is whether such deals will tip the balance of bowl games in favor of bowls with corporate backing. Don Meyers, chairman of Fiesta's TV and team selection committees, explains that his bowl went in that direction because TV revenues are leveling off, and only so much can be generated by ticket, program and concession sales. "The real tragedy," he says, "is that years ago many bowls tied themselves to conferences. The Rose Bowl has the Pac-10 and Big 10, the Orange Bowl has the Big Eight, and so on. In order [for Fiesta, an independent] to attract top teams, you have to pay top dollar to get them."

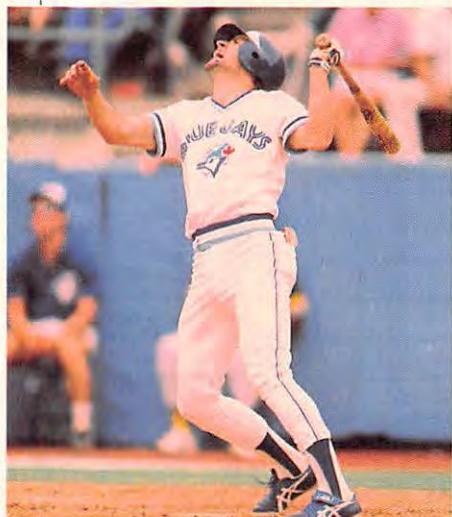
You'd think other bowls might cry foul over this arrangement, but that doesn't seem to be the case. "A lot of people have been thinking about it," says George Olsen, executive VP of the Gator Bowl. Another, the Holiday Bowl, may also have a corporate sponsor in tow by game time.



THE HOME FIELD DISADVANTAGE

Contrary to conventional wisdom, having the seventh game of a playoff series at home can be the kiss of death.

Ask the Toronto Blue Jays about it. All they needed was to win one of two playoff games at home and the AL pennant would have been theirs. Or ask Roy Baumeister. He's found that a



Blue Jays: That championship choke.

"championship choke" pervades some sports.

Baumeister, an associate professor of psychology at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, studied World Series results under the current 2-3-2 scheduling setup, and NBA playoffs since 1967. Excluding times when one team swept another, he found that home teams won more than 60 percent of the first and second games of a series, but thereafter the home winning percentage dropped, and by game seven they were under .400.

Why the turnaround? Bau-

meister, who is interested in how people perform under pressure, says that home teams choke when the championship's within immediate reach. It's due to a rapid rise in the self-consciousness of the players. When an athlete faces a chance of favorably redefining his identity—in this case as a world champion—it can make him unduly conscious of becoming a winner. This self-awareness is fueled by rabid home fans who may expect or demand a championship victory.

Baumeister found skills that should be automatic, such as fielding baseballs and shooting free throws, erode during the latter stages of a playoff series. Home teams make twice as many errors in the final games of the World Series as they do in games one and two, while the visitors' percentage improves slightly as the Series progresses. In the NBA playoffs the home team's free-throw percentage drops several points in the seventh game, while the visitors' accuracy remains unchanged.

Home athletes, contends Baumeister, perform better in earlier playoff games because at that stage there's no chance for them to assume the identity of a champion. Therefore, he suspects that it's really the prospect of winning the championship—not losing it—that causes subpar performances.

BITS

SPORT Magazine has received numerous citations and salutations over its illustrious 39 years of publication. The most recent accolade leaves us somewhat flushed.

Madison Avenue, an advertising and marketing monthly, commissioned the Simmons Market Research Bureau to find out if people

bring magazines into the bathroom with them and, if so, which magazines they prefer. Here are the Top 10 choices of 1,000 people age 18 and older:

1. *True Story*
2. *Seventeen*
3. *Time*
4. **SPORT**
5. *Sports Illustrated*
6. *Money and Mother Earth News* (tie)
7. *Sports Afield*
8. *Prevention*
9. *Cosmopolitan*

SPORT. We're there when you need us most. Now don't forget to wash your hands.

FROM BASKET CASE TO PITCHING ACE

As baseball scouts huddle around the hot stove, comparing notes on which prospects are likely to go in the first round of next summer's amateur draft, one name that frequently comes up is Dominick Johnson.

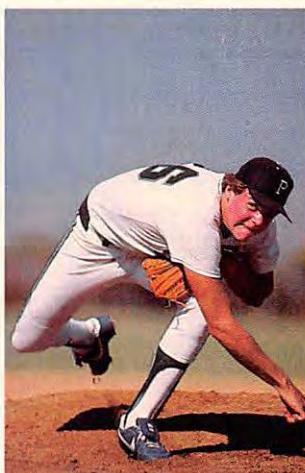
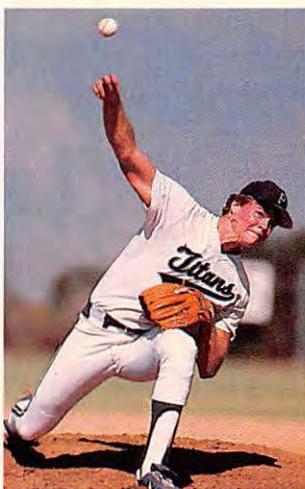
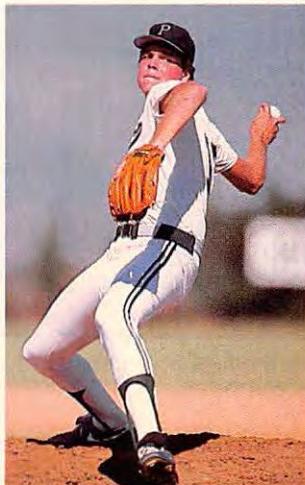
If ever a pitcher had a major league pedigree, it's this 17-year-old righthander. His fastball clocks in close to 90 mph; his father is Mariners batting coach Deron Johnson, who played big-league ball for 16 years; his friends include Gene Tenace, Steve Carlton and John Denny; and he's been getting tutored by pitching guru and family friend Roger Craig.

Baseball scouts aren't the only ones interested in the 6-6, 205-pound peeshooter. Until last summer, Johnson thought of himself as a basketball player first. The native of San Diego has been a starting forward for Poway High School since his freshman year. In 1985 he was a first-team all-San Diego County selection, averaging 17.4 points and 7.9 rebounds a game. This did not slip by college recruiters.

The pressure of this career decision affected Johnson's pitching last year. In 48½ innings for Poway High, he had a 5.18 ERA, walked 56 and compiled a 2-6 mark.

But this summer, while hanging around his family's 25-acre ranch, something clicked. He asked Craig, now the manager of the Giants, for some advice.

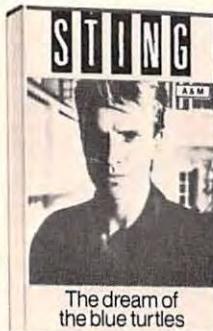
"He already had a good fastball and a nice curve," recalls Craig, "but I started him from scratch. I taught him how to throw the split-fingered fastball, and how to concentrate."



St. Dominick's preview.

A relieved Johnson now says that pitching "is what I want to do. I'm being recruited by a lot of colleges for basketball, but if I get drafted in baseball, I'm going. It's my first love. I should have known it all along."

BUY OUT THE STORE



The dream of
the blue turtles



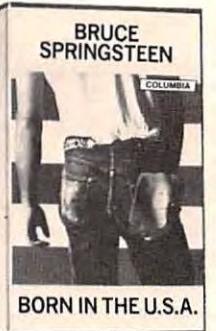
LOVING
EVERY MINUTE
OF IT



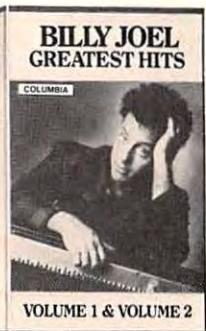
IN SQUARE CIRCLE



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BORN IN THE U.S.A.



VOLUME 1 & VOLUME 2

336669. Top 10 smash
*If You Love Somebody
Set Them Free*; others.

337907. Title song, plus
*This Could Be The Night;
Dangerous*; many more.

339200. Hit Single, *Part-
Time Lover*; plus, *I Love
You Too Much*; many more.

336719*. Prime metal on
the hit *Smokin' In The
Boys Room*; many more.

326629. #1 Album!
Dancing In The Dark;
The Boss at his best! More.

336396-396390. *Piano
Man*; *You're Only Human*;
Uptown Girl; more.

331645 MADONNA LIKE A VIRGIN	337121* ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Back To The Future	338863 SQUEEZE COSI FAN TUTTI FRUTTI	337188* ARETHA FRANKLIN WHO'S ZOONIN' WHO?	338095* NEIL YOUNG OLD WAYS
338046* UB40 • LITTLE BAGGARIDIMM	337485 JOHN WAITE MASK OF SMILES	337402* THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER • VOCALESE	337196* ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK St. Elmo's Fire	331967 FOREIGNER Agent Provocateur
337675* SHEILA E. ROMANCE 1600	338822* DAZZ BAND HOT SPOT	339176* JOHN HOLLIDAY Say You Love Me	338817* NICK LOWE AND HIS COASTERS WITH THE ROSE OF ENGLAND	338855* VANDENBERG ALIBI
331660* KOOL & THE GANG EMERGENCY	338350 THE FORESTER SISTERS	338012 LEE GREENWOOD STREAMLINE	337998 WILLIE NELSON HALL & OATES	338830 MARIE OSMOND HALF NELSON
337139* THE ROMANTICS RHYTHM ROMANCE	336933* COCK BOBIN	337147 GEORGE JONES WHO'S GONNA FILL THEIR SHOES	337204 JOE STAMPELLE I'll Still Be Loving You	337956* BOB DYLAN Empire Burlesque
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336339 BELLAMY BROTHERS HOWARD & DAVID	335422 JANIE FRICKE SOMEBODY ELSE'S FIRE	335224* 'TIL TUESDAY VOICES CARRY	334185 WEATHER REPORT SPORTIN' LIFE	336792 JOHN ANDERSON TOKYO, OKLAHOMA
335620 AIR SUPPLY	335356* CHEAP TRICK STANDING ON THE EDGE	334110 CHARLY MCCLAIN RADIO HEART	332890 DAN FOGLERBERG High Country Snows	335117 JOHN SCHNEIDER TRYIN' TO CURNIN' THE WIND
335604 MEN AT WORK TWO HEARTS	334078* JESSE JOHNSON'S REVUE	332932 SADE DIAMOND LIFE	332460* COMMODORES NIGHTSHIFT	334375* DEBARGE Rhythm Of The Night
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331744* JULIAN LENNON VALOTTE	325738* RATT OUT OF THE CELLAR	325835 SCORPIANS Love At First Sting	294843* BEST OF ZZ TOP	321976 AC/DC FLICK OF THE SWITCH
324475 PRETENDERS Learning To Crawl	307967 PHIL COLLINS FACE VALUE	291641 JIMI HENDRIX SMASH HITS	317161 QUEEN GREATEST HITS	317917 PHIL COLLINS HELLO, I MUST BE GOING
324418 MADONNA	317974 SQUEEZE SINGLES 45's AND UNDER	318055 FOREIGNER RECORDS	318071 LED ZEPPELIN CODA	322024 HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS • SPORTS
329938 TALKING HEADS Stop Making Sense	320630 QUIET RIOT METAL HEALTH	321307 AIR SUPPLY GREATEST HITS	321380 Barbra Streisand's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2	322289 TIME PIECES Best of Eric Clapton
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335612 THE BEACH BOYS	328302* TINA TURNER PRIVATE DANCER	324954 THOMPSON TWINS INTO THE GAP	323774 KENNY ROGERS 20 Greatest Hits	324616 CYNDI LAUPER SHE'S SO UNUSUAL
336321 REBA MCENTIRE HAVE I GOT A DEAL FOR YOU	328930* JOHN WAITE NO BRAKES	325852 RUSH GRACE UNDER PRESSURE	324632 STEVE PERRY STREET TALK	327130 THE BEST OF MICHAEL JACKSON
336362 OAK RIDGE BOYS STEP ON OUT	334052 TOM PETTY AND THE SOUTHERN ACCENTS	327908 SCANDAL WARRIOR	327288 CHICAGO 17 (Chicago & regional artists)	329631 RICKY SKAGGS COUNTRY BOY
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338491* MAURICE WHITE	338483* STEVE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE SOUL TO SOUL	328435 BON JOVI PURPLE RAIN PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION	333666 GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS MAYHEM	333344 WILLIE NELSON ME AND PAUL
SELECTIONS WITH TWO NUMBERS ARE 2-RECORD SETS OR DOUBLE-LENGTH TAPES, AND COUNT AS TWO SELECTIONS—WRITE EACH NUMBER IN A SEPARATE BOX				
305359 Bruce Springsteen	270827 ROD STEWART VOL. 2	333807 MERLE HAGGARD KERN RIVER	335935 ROSANNE CASH Rhythm And Romance	335752 LONE JUSTICE
393550 COLUMBIA THE RIVER	390823 ROD STEWART VOL. 2	336230* WEIRD AL YANKOVIC DARE TO BE STUPID	336214 ROBERT PLANT Shaken 'N' Stirred	336198* DEPECHE MODE Some Great Reward
314997 TAMA STEVIE WONDER HIS GREATEST HITS Original Masterworks	307447 Lynyrd Skynyrd Band GOLD & PLATINUM	337691* SAGA BEHAVIOUR	337709 EXILE HANG ON TO YOUR HEART	337881 ANDRE CYMONE A.C.
394999 BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND L.A. BULLET	336388* HANK WILLIAMS 40 GREATEST HITS	338467 WYNTON MARSALIS BLACK CLOTHES FROM THE UNDERGROUND	338525* THOMPSON TWINS HERE'S TO FUTURE DAYS	338665 GENE WATSON MEMORIES TO BURN
331579 ERIC CLAPTON, JEFF BECK & JIMMY PAGE WHITE BOYS BLUES COMPILATION RECORDS	324848 PRINCE 1999	338509* ADAM ANT VIVE LE ROCK	332197 DON HENLEY BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST	338699 MICKEY GILLEY LET ME GO (ABOUT LOVIN' YOU)
396143 DIRE STRAITS • Live	326173 STYX CAUGHT IN THE ACT LIVE	338715* THE BOOGIE BOYS CITY LIFE		335349* JOHN CAFFERTY AND THE BEAR'S BROWN BAND TOUGH ALL OVER
396143 WARNER BROS. ALCHEMY	396176			

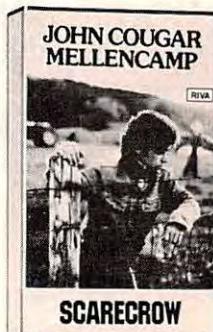
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11 ALBUMS FOR 1 CENT
plus shipping and handling
PLUS A CHANCE TO GET 2 MORE FREE!

If you join the Columbia Record & Tape Club now and agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years.

FOR A PENNY!

plus shipping
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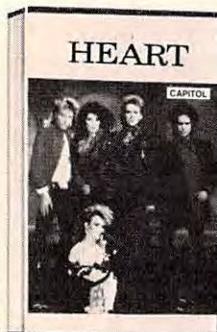
338400. Top Ten Album;
Smash Single, *LONELY OL'-
NIGHT*; title song; more.



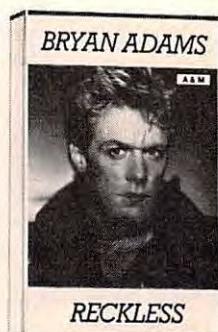
337154-397158*. Chockful
of great hits: *Coming Home;*
You; *Big City Nights;* etc.



333286. "Exhilarating!"—
Variety #1 album & hit *One
More Night;* *Sussudio;* etc.



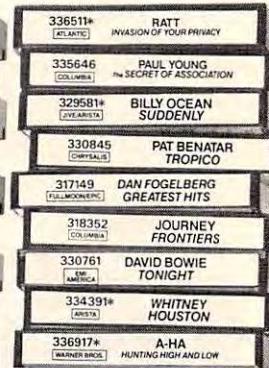
337519. Top 10 Album!
Top 10 hit *What About
Love;* others.



331264. "His best to date!"
—*People.* Top 10 hit *Run To
You;* many more.



336222*. Guitarist Mark
Knopfler & co.: single *Walk
Of Life;* *Money For Nothing.*



Yes, you're invited to go on a shopping spree and get 11 albums for only a penny! Just mail the application together with check or money order for \$1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your first 11 selections, plus \$1.85 for shipping and handling). In exchange, you simply agree to buy 8 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days in which to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The tapes and records you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$7.98 to \$9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.) And if you decide to continue as a member after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan.

10-Day Free Trial: we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days for a full refund and you will have no further obligation. So you risk absolutely nothing by acting now!

ORDER YOUR FIRST SELECTION NOW AT A BIG DISCOUNT—HAVE MUCH LESS TO BUY LATER— AND GET 2 EXTRA ALBUMS. FREE!

You may also choose your first selection right now and we'll give it to you for as much as 50% off regular Club prices—only \$4.98. Enclose payment now and you'll receive it with your 11 introductory albums. This discount purchase immediately reduces your membership obligation by one—you then need buy just 7 more selections (instead of 8) in the next three years. What's more, this discount purchase also entitles you to still 2 more albums as a bonus, FREE! Just check box in application and fill in numbers of your first selection and 2 free bonus albums!

NOTE: all applications are subject to review and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application.

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PO. Box 1130, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

I am enclosing check or money order for \$1.86 (which includes 1¢ for my 11 selections, plus \$1.85 for shipping and handling). Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy eight more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

Write in numbers
of 11 selections

Send my selections in this type of recording (check one):

Cassettes Records 8-Track Cartridges

My main musical interest is (check one):

(But I may always choose from any category)

HARD ROCK SOFT ROCK POP
Bryan Adams, Motley Crue, Bruce Springsteen Barbra Streisand, Barry Manilow, Neil Diamond

COUNTRY EASY LISTENING CLASSICAL
Willie Nelson, Oak Ridge Boys, Hank Williams Jr. Mantovani Orch., Nat King Cole, Johnny Mathis (no 8-tracks)

Mr. Mrs. Miss
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a telephone? (Check one) Yes No 536/S86

Do you have a credit card? (Check one) Yes No
Offer not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto.

Also send my first selection for up to a 50% discount, for which I am also enclosing additional payment of \$4.98. I then need buy only 7 more (instead of 8), at regular Club prices, in the next three years.

GME/BJ
GMF/Z1

This discount purchase
also entitles me to these
2 EXTRA ALBUMS FREE!

COMING BACK ON THE RIGHT FOOT

When we first learned of Craig Bodzinanowski (Bo-ji-NOW-ski) from an effusive PR man, we couldn't help but feel uneasy.

The 24-year-old boxer, who sports a record of 13-0 as a pro, is slated to make his comeback fight in December. What he's coming back from is a May 1984 motorcycle accident that forced him to have his right foot amputated nine inches below the knee. His promoter, Cedric Kushner, is fielding offers for a made-for-TV movie based on his fighter, who now wears a prosthesis. Is this a profile in courage, or another round in the exploitation of a boxer?

We meet Bodzinanowski at

Midway Airport in Chicago, and together we walk to his red Jeep. No hint of a limp. As he shifts gears, spits tobacco and fiddles with the radio, it's clear that the artificial limb is the least of his concerns. At a red light, we ask him if the limb removes easily. "I could jump out of the car, beat somebody over the head with it, jump back in and put it back on before the light turns green." It removes easily.

We lunch at an Italian restaurant owned by his manager, Jerry Lenza, and discuss Craig's amateur record of 35-4, which led to an invitation for an Olympic tryout in 1980. But the talk turns to "the leg," called a Seattle Foot, and its construction; a built-in rubber pad affords him a spring action. Lenza says his cruiserweight has already worn out three of them.

At the prodding of Lenza, Bodzinanowski heads for the parking



Bo: Prosthetic pugilist.

lot to stage an impromptu work-out. Craig pulls a jump rope out of his Jeep, then launches into the fastest rope-jumping this side of Sugar Ray Robinson. Next comes shadow boxing. Then a demonstration of footwork. No question: if he loses his fight, it won't be because of the leg.

The Illinois State Athletic Board has given Craig the green light to return to the ring. Other boxing commissions around the country are taking a "prove it to me" stance.

But Bodzinanowski is nothing if not convincing. We're reminded of a chat with his girlfriend, Lori, who, by the way, sings the *It's a Good Time for the Great Taste of McDonald's* jingle. We asked what attracted her to Craig. "We met at a party," she recalled. "We talked, then he showed me his leg, and the next thing you know, we ended up going dancing all night."

UPDATE

THE NFL ON TV READER POLL

Howard Cosell may have escaped the *Monday Night Football* booth in the nick of time. While *Monday Night Football* watchers seem to like Frank Gifford, they don't like Joe Namath and really have it in for



Madden: Easy listening.

O.J. Simpson. In fact, the MNF team is less popular than the team of Jack Buck and Hank Stram, who for years have done the radio call of the Monday-night games.

But don't get too full of yourself, Howard; they don't miss you, either.

The results of our "NFL on TV" reader poll (November) will be gratifying to Pat Summerall, and especially to his partner, John Madden. They are the highest-rated team; Summerall, the No. 1 play-by-play man; and Madden, the top color commentator and the best source of NFL information. Their CBS colleague, Brent Musburger, was cited as the best pre-game show host, besting Bob Costas of NBC by a 2-1 margin.

Percentages are based on the total number of votes cast per question (that total is in parentheses).

And by the way, Bob Griese, what was it you said that made one respondent in St. Louis so angry that he photocopied 12 ballots just to write in your name on question 10?

1 Who is the best play-by-play announcer? (1,383 total votes)

- Pat Summerall 32%
- Dick Enberg 25%
- Frank Gifford 20%
- Jack Buck 8%

2 Who do you consider to be the best color commentator? (1,274)

- John Madden 62%
- Merlin Olsen 22%
- Hank Stram 5%
- Dick Vermeil 3%

3 Which of the following works best as a broadcast team? (1,389)

- Summerall/Madden 48%
- Enberg/Olsen 30%
- Buck/Stram 8%
- Gifford/Namath/Simpson 5%

4 Do you miss Howard Cosell's presence on *Monday Night Football*? (1,386)

- Yes: 37% • No: 63%

5 Now that you've had an opportunity to see and hear Joe Namath on *Monday Night Football*, do you prefer him over Don Meredith? (1,499)

- Yes: 32% • No: 68%

6 Which network presents the best pre-game show? (1,374)

- CBS: *The NFL Today* 65%
- NBC: *NFL '85* 35%

7 Who is the best pre-game show host? (1,385)

- Brent Musburger (CBS) 68%
- Bob Costas (NBC) 32%

8 Whose wagering advice are you more likely to trust? (1,215)

- Pete Axthelm (NBC) 48%
- Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder (CBS) 52%

9 If you had to pick one sports-caster as your only link to NFL football, who would he be? (1,345)

- John Madden 30%
- Pat Summerall 15%
- Frank Gifford 13%
- Dick Enberg 10%

10 On the other hand, if you had the power to exile one NFL broadcaster from the booth forever, who would he be? (1,244)

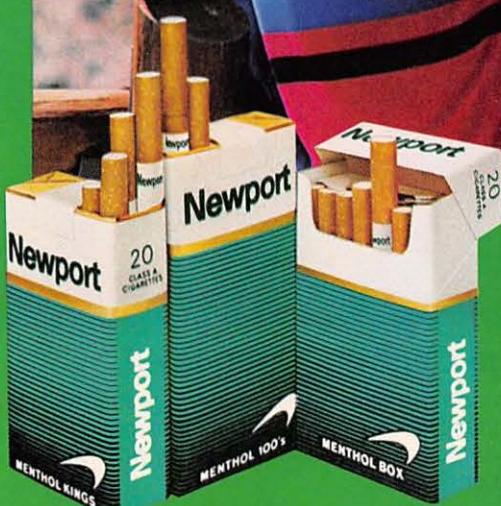
- O.J. Simpson 33%
- Joe Namath 20%
- Terry Bradshaw 7%



The Juice: Hard to swallow.

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**

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*After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg.
"tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

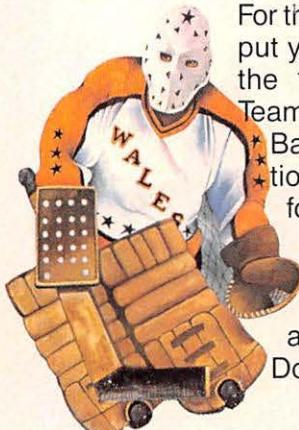
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



VOTE NOW!



For The 1986 Official NHL All-Star Teams



For the first time ever you can help put your favorite NHL players on the 1986 Official NHL All-Star Teams. Just complete the Official Ballot enclosed in this publication and follow the directions for mailing it to the NHL All-Star Balloting center. Ballots are also available at all 14 NHL arenas in the U.S. and at participating Chrysler, Dodge and Plymouth dealers.

Win a Trip for Four to the NHL All-Star Game. When you fill out your ballot, you can also enter the NHL Fans' Choice Sweepstakes, using the entry form attached to the bottom of the ballot.

Win
the NHL
Fans' Choice
Sweepstakes

The exciting Grand Prize is a trip for four to the 1986 NHL All-Star Game in Hartford, Connecticut on February 4. Or you could win one of more than 100 other prizes. Winners travel via United Airlines, the official airline of the NHL and the 1986 NHL All-Star Game. No purchase necessary. See entry form for Sweepstakes rules. Ballot/Entry forms may also be obtained by mailing a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: NHL Sweepstakes, Box 1191, Grand Rapids, MN 55744. Requests for additional ballot/entry forms must be received no later than December 10, 1985.



United Airlines — Official airline of the NHL and the 1986 NHL All-Star Game.

See the Chrysler-Dodge All-Stars

When it comes to all-star performance, Chrysler and Dodge take the lead with advanced front-wheel drive technology, efficiency, quality, value and dependability. And, for 1986, two of our brightest stars are . . .



Chrysler Laser XT

With its hot new lines, fuel injected turbo power and blistering performance specs, this Laser is pure street heat. XT heats it up with Euro-handling suspension, 5-speed, 15" alloy wheels and bigger Eagle GT Gatorback radials—all standard. Laser XT. When it comes to heat, XT is tough to beat.



Dodge Caravan. Unequaled.

There's nothing else quite like the revolutionary, front-wheel drive Dodge Caravan. It's a combination economy car. Luxury car. Family sedan. Station wagon. And van. Try one on for size.

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CHRYSLER
Dodge

My itinerary is crisp, precise, cleanly word-processed. At 9 sharp I will get a short introduction to my subject, followed by a videotape on its nostalgia. At 9:30, a comprehensive overview from one of its directors. After lunch, its 62-year history will be recounted; tomorrow, a look at its climactic moments preserved on microfilm and in its archives.

I am in Minneapolis, at the headquarters of General Mills, to learn about a genuine American institution. It was born of serendipity in the Twenties and it prospered during the worst of the Depression. It fully represents this country, from its pioneer spirit to its myths and ideals. It even helped elect our current president.

It has changed how we look at and feel about sports, having been associated with *that* American institution almost since its birth, and it continues to hold a strong and important place in American athletics. I am to learn about all of this. I am to learn about Wheaties.

• • •

Did you have your Wheaties this morning? If so, why? It probably wasn't for the taste; in a world filled with Sugar Frosted Flakes and Cocoa Puffs, Wheaties is, well, rather bland. It probably wasn't for your health; Wheaties isn't as good for you (at least according to *Consumer Reports*) as Shredded Wheat or Grape Nuts or even Lucky Charms. It probably wasn't to be au courant; Wheaties isn't among the top 10 sellers in cerealdom, and it isn't even number one at General Mills. No, you had your Wheaties because Wheaties has history. It has values. It has heritage. It has an Archives.

Jean Toll is the Corporate Archivist for General Mills. She's a smallish woman, middle-aged and sensibly dressed. She is impressed and somewhat overwhelmed by the enormity of her mission, which is to collect and organize the historical artifacts of General Mills in general and Wheaties in particular.

"I'm not a historian, this stuff isn't all in my head," she warns me. She's only had four years to organize the mountains of memorabilia. It appears she has made great inroads, but she shrugs. "You should have seen it four years ago. It was a mess."

• • •

In 1921 Dame Fortune bumped into a Minneapolis health clinician, causing him to spill some of the bran gruel he was mixing for his patients onto a hot stove. Eureka! The first Wheatie.

The clinician peddled his product to the Washburn Crosby Company, one of four milling concerns that would become,

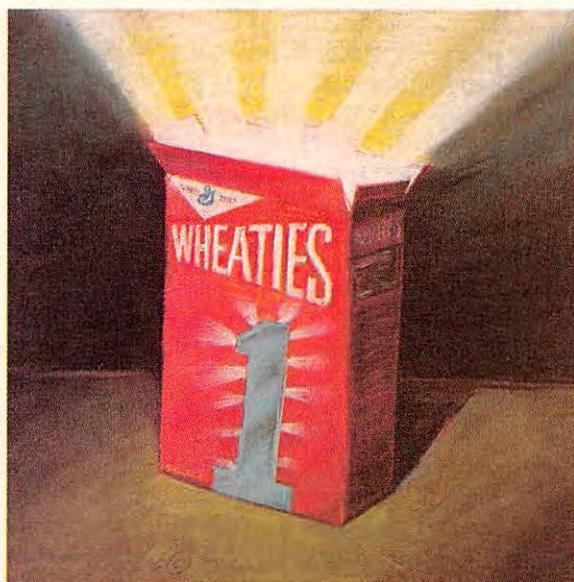


ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT REYNOLDS

THE CHAMPION OF BREAKFASTS

It's Babe Ruth and Pete Rose and Mary Lou. It's also the Zucchini Brothers, Dutch Reagan and the Tarzan of the Boudoir. It's a heaping bowl of American history. Cereally.

In one box of Wheaties promotional material there's everything from a Jack Dempsey jigsaw puzzle to cartoon ads with a frightening rendering of Babe Ruth to Shirley Temple "occasion dishes." "This license plate deal was hot," Jean says. "These telescopes were successful, wouldn't you say, John?" she asks of John Kerr, a 22-year veteran of GM's PR department, now retired but available to help Jean out "when I feel like it."

"The license plate, yes," says John. "The atomic ring was big. Of course the biggest one was the cereal bowl." Jean nods in agreement.

There is wonderful stuff here. I ask Jean if she has fun sorting through Wheaties' history. "No, no fun," she says. "I'm too busy going through all this stuff. I don't have fun. John says I'm too serious."

"I have fun," says John.

in 1928, General Mills. The company began selling Wheaties regionally in 1924, but its success was modest at best.

Until, that is, Washburn Crosby introduced the world's first singing radio commercial, in which the Wheaties Quartet asked the musical question:

Have you tried Wheaties?
They're whole wheat with
all the bran.
Won't you try Wheaties?
For wheat is the best food
of man.

The ads were so successful that over half of all Wheaties sold in 1929 were peddled in the Quartet's purview. The ads went national. Wheaties was off and crunching.

• • •

"Wheaties is one of our oldest products, so we're likely to have more stuff about it," Jean Toll says. We're in the Archives, two cinderblock rooms stuffed with boxes, posters, paintings and other curios in the depths of GM. "Probably Gold Medal Flour has the most. Wheaties might be second, though I hate to say things like that."

In one box of Wheaties promotional material there's everything from a Jack Dempsey jigsaw puzzle to cartoon ads with a frightening rendering of Babe Ruth to Shirley Temple "occasion dishes." "This license plate deal was hot," Jean says. "These telescopes were successful, wouldn't you say, John?" she asks of John Kerr, a 22-year veteran of GM's PR department, now retired but available to help Jean out "when I feel like it."

"The license plate, yes," says John. "The atomic ring was big. Of course the biggest one was the cereal bowl." Jean nods in agreement.

There is wonderful stuff here. I ask Jean if she has fun sorting through Wheaties' history. "No, no fun," she says. "I'm too busy going through all this stuff. I don't have fun. John says I'm too serious."

"I have fun," says John.

• • •

In 1933 Wheaties forever secured its place in the breakfast nook of history. Wheaties discovered sports.

Driving home from his cabin in the woods of northern Minnesota, the head of GM's ad department at the time found that everywhere he stopped people were tuned in to the Minneapolis Millers baseball game on the radio. He was inspired. For the cost of \$10,000 for the entire season, Wheaties secured the rights to radio sponsorship. But Wheaties' most fateful moment was yet to come.



TWENTY SEASONS OF THE SUPER BOWL

Celebrate the Super Bowl's twentieth game with the perfect souvenir—the Official Super Bowl XX game program...the same 180-page program that will be sold January 26, 1986, at the Louisiana Superdome in New Orleans. The Super Bowl XX program contains dozens of new action photographs, informative scouting reports on the two Super Bowl teams, a week-by-week review of the entire 1985 season including playoffs, and special features highlighting this collectors' edition from the NFL's biggest game.

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Please send me _____ copies of the official Super Bowl XX game program at \$5.00 each, plus 95¢ per program for postage and handling. SPT 2

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Super Bowl XX programs will be mailed immediately after the game. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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GENERAL ADMISSION

Just before opening day, the company learned that sponsorship rights included a large billboard at the ballpark. The Millers asked GM what they wanted printed on it. GM turned to Knox Reeves, head of its ad agency, and asked him. Reeves had had his Wheaties that morning. He thought hardly a moment. Angels sang. His Muse smacked him in the head. *Wheaties*, he wrote, *Breakfast of Champions*.

• • •

"Trust is the thing. Trust and heritage." Brad Blum, the marketing director for adult cereals at GM, is talking about marketing Wheaties today. "Wheaties has a very big image, for a cereal. It has historical perspective. Part is sports, part is the Breakfast of Champions thing. Today, you don't have to be an athlete to be a champion. Parents, community leaders... it's an attitude, an image and a feeling."

I ask Blum if selling Wheaties is in any way different. "We're proud of all our cereals," he says, "but there is a special feeling about Wheaties."

Did he have his Wheaties this morning? "As a matter of fact, I did," he laughs.

• • •

The Thirties were Wheaties' heyday. Its baseball radio network expanded from Minneapolis to 94 other markets. One of the network announcers was a Cubs broadcaster in Des Moines, Iowa, who, in 1937, was voted the most popular Wheaties announcer in the land. Dutch, as he was known, was rewarded with a trip to California to cover the Cubs' spring training camp. While there, he took a screen test at Warner Brothers. Today, Dutch heads a well-known superpower.

Other famous types became associated with Wheaties; 46 of the 51 major-leaguers in the 1939 All-Star Game were endorsing the cereal, as were other athletes. Even some nonathletes: Capt. Terrell M. Jacobs, the Daring Lion King, graced the box. So did Hugo and Mario Zucchini, Fired in the Same Instant from the Mouth of a Monster Repeating Cannon. Even Maria Rasputin, Europe's Sensational Animal Trainer—Fearless Daughter of Russia's Mad Monk, recommended Wheaties "to start the day right."

"When you're dealing with Wheaties, you're dealing with a phenomenon that I'm not sure any of us really understands," Paul Parker, chief administrative

"Learned scholars were discussing Moby Dick, and I'll be damned, this fellow says, 'That Ahab must have had his Wheaties.'"

officer at GM, is "almost exactly as old as Wheaties," or so he says. His hair is thin and white, his glasses thick and black, his manner vigorous and playful.

"Sports may be part of the answer. If anything is universal in this world it is our interest in things athletic. As early as 1933, Wheaties had staked out a franchise in sports, thereby piquing the interest of every red-blooded American boy.

"It's remarkable that the product is still out there, showing gains and staying true to the basic mission. You know, I was listening to a public broadcast the other day on *Moby Dick*. Learned scholars were discussing Ahab and the white whale, and I'll be damned, right in the middle, this fellow says, 'That Ahab must really have had his Wheaties that morning,'"

Did he have his Wheaties this morning? "I sure did," he says. "Of course I've been known to branch out."

• • •

"These would be Wheaties," Jean says, pulling three packs of microfiche from a cabinet. We begin fishing through 62 years of boxtops, premiums and ads. History flies by, a boxtop at a time.

"This is Jimmie Foxx," Jean tells me. "I can't say he's the first athlete to appear on the box. When people ask, I tell them that among the first were Babe Ruth, Foxx...but people always want to know the first one." She bangs her fist on the table, frustrated. I sympathize.

"Here's 1935; now we get into Western stars...no, no, these are circus people. Here's Shirley Temple...I better find some Western stars or I'll look like a bad hist...ah, there they are...Harry Carey, the Last Outlaw...such a silly name. Here's Harry Studdreher—for some reason he's famous." I tell her that Studdreher was one of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen. "Oh, that explains it," she says.

"In 1939, they celebrated the 100th anniversary of baseball...here's some cut-

out masks for kids...here's that license plate deal in '53, very popular...geez, here's more of those masks again...phonograph records, even...‘On Top of Old Smokey.’ Oh dear. This is why my job is crazy.”

Did she have her Wheaties this morning? “No, no. I like to get away from all this when I leave.”

• • •

In 1939 Wheaties sponsored the first televised baseball game, but after the war things went soggy. Sales slipped in the Fifties and Wheaties made a bold move, abandoning its attachment to sports and aligning itself with Disney and the Lone Ranger in an effort to snag the kiddie market. The move bombed; sales dropped 10 percent in one year alone, despite the fact that *Confidential* magazine told its readers that Frank Sinatra was the “Tarzan of the Boudoir” because “he eats Wheaties.”

The cereal hustled back to sports. Paul Parker, for one, believes in Wheaties. “The fact is, there’s a lot of Wheaties spirit at GM,” he says. “The product stands for everything we like to believe in as good old red, white and blue.”

“Yeah,” he smiles, “it’s the only red, white and blue cereal in an orange box.”

• • •

Wheaties are made in Chicago; Lodi, California; and Buffalo. At the Buffalo factory, Ron Rezabek, a big, friendly plant manager, gives a tour. We follow the wheat as it is processed, mixed, rolled, cut, flaked, toasted, fortified, boxed and cartoned. In Buffalo, about 180,000 boxes of Wheaties are produced a day, 23,040,000 boxes in fiscal ’84.

A thousand Mary Lou Rettons, arms outstretched and teeth gleaming, roll down the line to be stuffed with Wheaties. “We’re very conscious of the image of Wheaties here, that squeaky-clean image,” Rezabek says. “Like Mary Lou here. Clean, huh? Mary Lou, Bruce Jenner... well, of course we can’t have Bruce now, because of the divorce.”

Did he have his Wheaties this morning? “You bet.”

Rezabek waves goodbye as the cab pulls out for the trip to the airport. The driver asks why I’m in Buffalo. I tell him I’ve seen Wheaties being made. “Wheaties are made here? In Buffalo?” he asks. “No kidding? That’s really something.”

I have to ask. Did he have...

“I’m a Cheerios man myself!”

Motown Marvel

Isiah Thomas! A step ahead of the crowd on the court and on the street wearing an authentic Starter jacket. Order one now in your favorite official NBA, NHL, NFL or Major League Baseball style. Just look for the star! For the name of the nearest Starter supplier write to: Starter, 360 James Street, New Haven, CT 06513..



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...look for the STAR!

SPORT QUIZ

Answers from page 77. 1—c. 2—John Tonelli. 3—Nebraska, Mike Rozier—Dean Steinkuhler in 1983 and Johnny Rodgers—Rich Glover in 1972. 4—c (his father is Matt Guokas). 5—d. 6—b. 7—1982 Rose Bowl, Washington 28, Iowa 0. 8—c. 9—Michel Larocque and Denis Herron, 1980-81. 10—Gene Mauch, Dick Howser, Alvin Dark.

Dick Williams and Billy Martin. 11—b. Answer to last month’s Stumper (Who holds the distinction of being the first black player ever drafted by an NFL team, and for which teams did he play?): George Taliaferro—Los Angeles Dons, New York Yanks, Dallas Texans, Baltimore Colts and Philadelphia Eagles.

PICTURE CREDITS

3—Clockwise from top left: Bill Smith, John McDonough, Noren Trotman, Rich Pilling, Boyd Hagen/Camera 5, Dick Raphael, John McDonough. 10—Scott Cunningham (top), Andrew D. Bernstein. 11—John McDonough (4). 14—David Walberg (top), Focus on Sports (bottom, left and right). 36—Chuck Solomon (top), John McDonough (inset and middle), Dave Stock/Focus West (bottom). 37—David Walberg. 38—Brian

Drake. 39—Bill Smith. 44,45—From left: John McDonough, Focus on Sports, John McDonough (2). 58—Rich Pilling. 59—Bill Smith. 62—John McDonough. 66—Bill Smith. 67—Dick Raphael. 68—John McDonough. 71—Michael Marks/Camera 5 (tickets at left and top right), Bill Smith (bottom right). 77—From left: Focus on Sports, John McDonough, Bill Smith, John McDonough.

WORLD SERIES CONTEST

1—Babe Ruth, Jimmy Foxx, Joe Cronin, Lou Gehrig, Al Simmons. 2—Robert Cal Hubbard—Football, 1963; Baseball, 1976. 3—Cooney, Barrows, Flynn, Blake, Casey. 4—Alva (Bobo) Holloman—May 6, 1953, St. Louis. 5—Question was voided.

"With all I've learned about helicopters, my future is no longer up in the air."

SGT Kevin Quinn, Aircraft Fire Control

"I used to say to myself, sooner or later you're going to have to make a goal for yourself. I decided on the Army as a stepping stone. The Army finds out what your interests are, and your abilities. And they find a job that would suit them, and you, in an area that'll give you a direction.

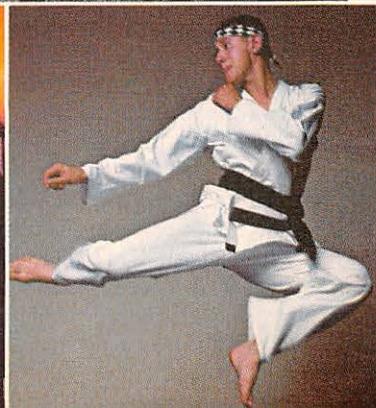
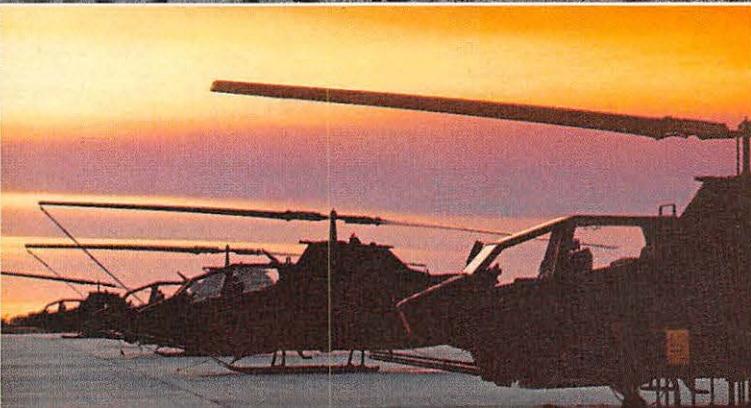
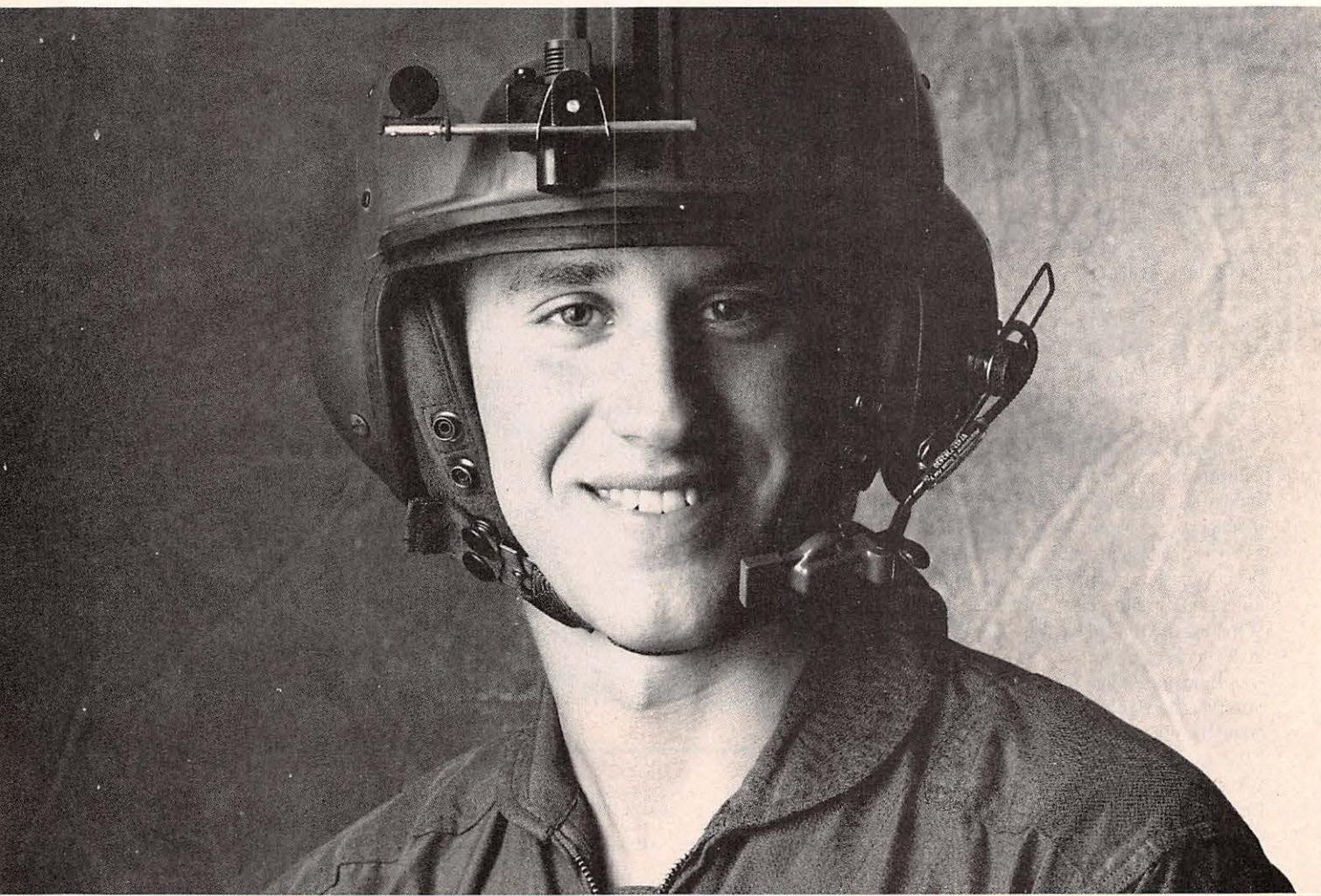
"I spent six months in Army school, learning basic aircraft hydraulics, electrical circuits, drive motors and much more.

"Now I'm working on the Cobra helicopter. Every nut and bolt of it is beautiful. When you work these birds, you feel great pride: 'I actually did it; it's working.' We use the tools you probably use to fix your car. Sure, we get our hands dirty. I don't mind, it's part of the job.

"My future? Take it from me. I'm heading straight up." **ARMY.**

Talk to your local Army Recruiter. Or call toll free 1-800-USA-ARMY.

BE ALL YOU CAN BE.



FRANK LAYDEN

It used to be if you wanted a funny one-liner or a good meal, you'd go to the coach of the Utah Jazz. But for a winning team...Who would've thought?

After 10 years as a high school coach and 8 years at Niagara, Frank Layden joined the NBA in 1976. The league has never been quite the same.

To a profession that takes itself more than a little seriously, he brought a love of loud plaids, pasta and beer, and a lifetime supply of cribbed one-liners. ("I dress just like Pat Riley—only he buys his clothes and I find mine.") In 1981 the Brooklyn-born, gritty-voiced Layden, already the Utah Jazz's general manager, named himself coach of a hapless team that would win only 25 games that season. Two years later the Jazz laughed their way to a division title and Layden was voted both coach and executive of the year. Last season, despite a siege of injuries, he kept the Jazz at .500 and then stunned the Houston Rockets in the playoffs, besting Ralph Sampson and Akeem Olajuwon with Billy Paultz and Rich Kelley.

But Layden still hasn't changed. He'll never make the pages of GQ. His weight has fluctuated between 169 and 310 pounds, and now sways closer to the latter ("The doctors told me to put some weight back on—I was skeletal"). And for all his self-deprecating jokes, he seems, at 53, a man quite at peace with himself.

In a typical fashion statement, Layden wore tortoise-shell horn-rims until they were stolen last year. Now he's



switched to rose-colored glasses. They suit him well.

SPORT: For years you were the borscht-belt coach who got no respect. Then you won your division in 1984 and suddenly you're coach of the year. Did you do something differently?

LAYDEN: No, not really. I've been judged not for my coaching ability but for how I look. I'm not a great dresser, I know that. And I'm heavy. So people were probably saying, "Look at this guy, his team is losing and he doesn't even look like a coach."

SPORT: Did you have less credibility because you were having a good time?

LAYDEN: There's no doubt about it. A lot of times people think I'm frivolous. I think that's why I don't get called on to be the analyst for CBS. But I'm not quite as shallow as some people imagine.

I think that a sense of humor is very, very important. When times were rough in Utah I played the clown, to take the tension away from how poorly we were

playing and make it as entertaining as possible. We were playing the Celtics once in Boston Garden, and at the quarter we were losing, 33-19, and Larry Bird had scored 22 points. So I looked at my players and said, "Look, I know we can't beat the Celtics. And I'm not going to ask you to do it. But we're losing by 3 to Bird. Let's see if we can beat him by halftime." They all laughed, and we made a nice comeback.

SPORT: You won the game?

LAYDEN: We lost—but we beat Bird.

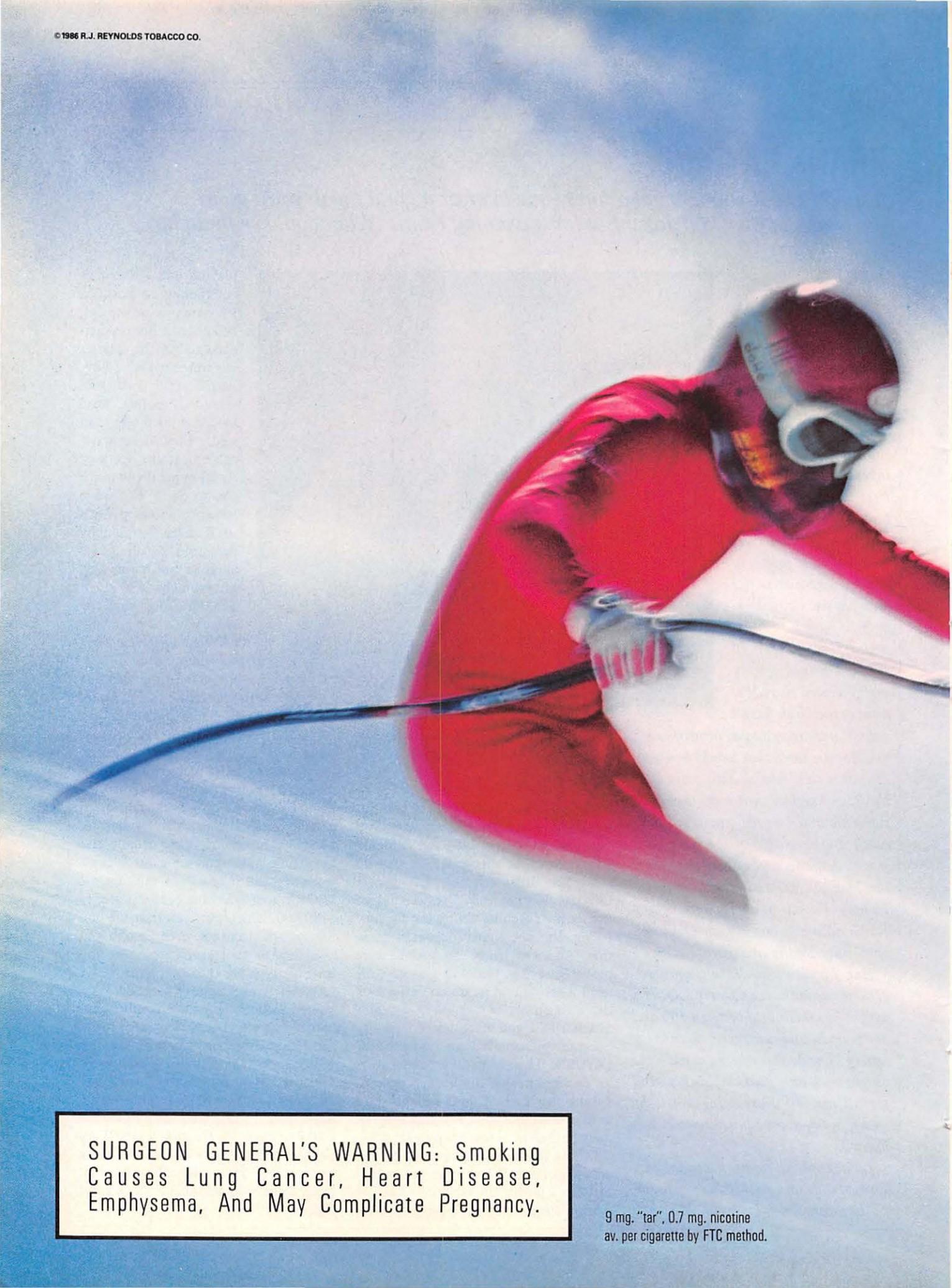
SPORT: Do you feel that a lot of your colleagues aren't having much fun?

LAYDEN: There is pressure. As the year bears down, it's hard. But how can I complain? You're doing what you love, and making a barrel of money. My father had a job. He worked on a dock; he carried a hook. I go first class, I have a cocktail, I stay at a nice hotel. They usually give me a suite, they send up wine. It beats working—and it beats not working.

SPORT: Your salary has been reported as \$130,000, which puts you near the bottom of NBA coaches, even though you also serve as general manager. Are you underpaid or are they overpaid?

LAYDEN: I think we're all overpaid. I was offered a job for three times as much, but money isn't everything. How many steaks can I eat? How many cars can I drive?

The nicest thing that ever happened to me was two years ago when we won 30 games, and Sam Battistone, the owner of the Jazz, turned around and gave me a 10-year contract. He said to me, "I appreciate what you're doing. We got a lousy team." He understood that. Not many owners do, and that's why a lot of coaches get fired.

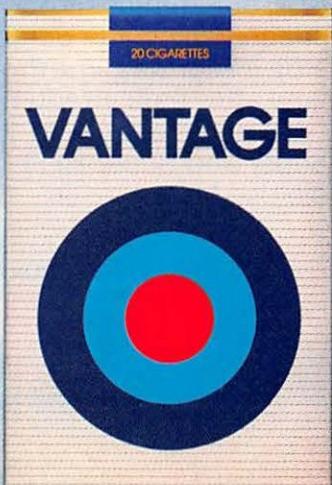


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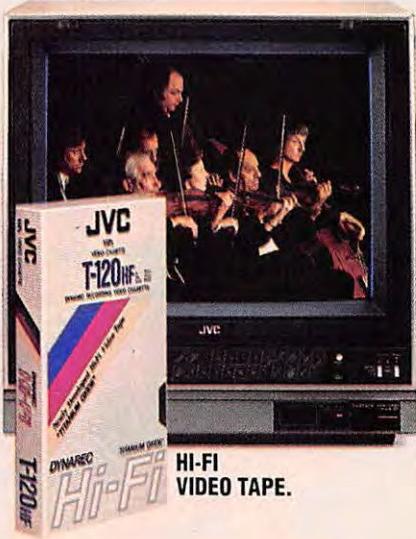
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I took long-term security over the money. I'm 53 years old. I don't want to be fired when I'm 55, or 59, or 62. I love basketball. So I sacrifice big money and I don't put that pressure on myself and the owner to succeed.

SPORT: Did you have a rebuilding plan when you came to the Jazz?

LAYDEN: When I came here people asked me, "How long will it take to win?" And my answer was, "It'll probably take six years." And people said, "Six years! The Lord made the world in seven days!" I said, "Yeah, but you don't want a team that's in the same shape the world's in, do you? I'm not gonna rush into this." I've always downplayed the material, so the expectations weren't too great.

When I got the 10-year contract, I think it really solidified this organization. If you can't make more money than the players, then you have to get the authority from somewhere. Players here know that *I am the Jazz*. There is no player in our organization bigger than I am.

SPORT: If Frank Layden the coach could step back a moment, how would he evaluate Frank Layden the general manager?

LAYDEN: In my case my job as general manager is to save money, to win as many games as I can on the lowest possible budget. We probably have the second-lowest payroll in the league—and the second-most wins per dollar.

SPORT: You've been known to take a hard line on player contracts, especially when Adrian Dantley held out to renegotiate last season. If it had been up to you, would you have held the line and kept him out all year?

LAYDEN: Oh, yeah. I just cannot tolerate a player who chooses to violate his contract. We gave in after six games. He came to us not in shape, and eventually he got hurt. What an example to the rest of the players. If Dantley is worth \$1 million a year, which he was asking, he could have easily played out the year and gone into free agency, and somebody like the Celtics or Lakers could have picked him up. But he kept saying he wanted to play here. Well, it's easier to play for us than to play for the Celtics, because they have to win.

Winning is the least-rewarded thing in the NBA. If you win the world's championship, what do you get—\$30,000 apiece? Well, if you're making \$500,000 or \$1 million, the \$30,000 doesn't seem like it's worth it. A lot of guys would rather have the two months off.

SPORT: When Dantley held out, you said he wasn't fit to wear a Jazz uniform. How did that incident affect your relationship?

LAYDEN: It'll never be the same again. But I don't care. To me, the players are employees. I would like them to like me, I really would. But life goes on. I stood up for what I thought was right.

SPORT: How do you determine what a player is worth?

LAYDEN: When I negotiate with a player, I always ask him, "What was our record?" My feeling is I can come in fourth without him. Now, if he takes us to the conference championship, then we can start to talk those big numbers.

SPORT: Your own team is built around two star scorers, Dantley and Darrell Griffith, who seem to have only sporadic interest in defense. Yet we're constantly told that NBA championships are won on the defensive end.

LAYDEN: First of all, the offensive skills in the NBA are so great that no one player can stop another player. That's why you don't see the duels we had years ago. When I have to pick the all-defensive team, I can hardly find five or six players who are outstanding.

SPORT: So it's an offensive league?

LAYDEN: No, what I'm saying is that it's a *team* defensive game. You have to do the best you can to force people to help situations—to the baseline, to the middle, whatever the coach's philosophy is.

SPORT: In some quarters you've gained a reputation as a superb motivator but an indifferent tactician.

LAYDEN: I think that the ability to motivate is more important than being able to execute. I think we saw that in Vietnam. The American soldier was better trained, better equipped, but not as motivated as the Viet Cong. Simple.

We may not do some things as sharply as some coaches, but when it comes down to the end of the game, our ability to execute is very good. I don't feel inferior to any coach *anywhere* with a piece of chalk and a blackboard. But I think X's and O's are overrated, yes. I can hire people to do the X's and O's for me.

SPORT: Do some coaches complicate the game?

LAYDEN: I think so. Red Auerbach used to have about seven plays, and they felt they had a play for every situation.

SPORT: Someone once said that a coach in the NBA has to be a teacher, a tactician and a therapist. We're interested in the teaching part.

LAYDEN: I think there's a need for teaching. A lot of players come in ill-prepared. They have the physical attributes, but they don't have the skills. In college if a player—Mark Eaton, for instance—can't do it right away, they recruit a better guy. There are few projects in high school and college. So we wind up with one-dimensional players.

Darrell Griffith, for example—a great jumper who never rebounds. In tryout camp we see a lot of magnificent bodies, a lot of guys who can really jump and run the floor. But they can't catch the ball, can't pass the ball, can't shoot the ball. They lack the basic skills.

SPORT: Is that why we have so many mediocre big men in the NBA?

LAYDEN: Sure, because all along the line coaches have been restricting them. They turn these guys into goons.

SPORT: You have 20 guys in training camp, and soon they're playing three or four games a week. Is there time to teach?

LAYDEN: Oh, there's plenty of time. But the problem is that you may have players who aren't willing to do it. Don't forget, we're getting people who all their lives have been told how great they are. There are players who reject criticism or teaching because it's offensive to them.

SPORT: What is the most serious problem now facing the NBA?

LAYDEN: Drugs. Because I think the same people who sell drugs bet on games. There is a real threat of a tie-in there. I have never seen an instance in which I thought a player was dumping a game. But that certainly is always a possibility.

SPORT: John Drew, who was with the Jazz last season, had a cocaine problem. When did you first hear of it?

LAYDEN: The rumors preceded his coming here. It's hard to do anything in the NBA without somebody finding out. I'd heard he was taking drugs in Atlanta.

SPORT: Given those rumors, why did you give up your top 1983 draft choice, Dominique Wilkins, for a risky player?

LAYDEN: The only reason we gave up Wilkins was for the \$1 million dollars Atlanta gave us. That summer we felt we needed the cash to operate, and we took the best offer. And we got a player who gave us a great year and helped us win the division. John was better for a while. It didn't work out, but we almost made it.

SPORT: When did Drew start to relapse?

LAYDEN: The first sign I saw of John

"I like a draft system where the team that loses gets the first choice. Why are we doing a lottery? Because teams cheated. Now we have seven teams cheating."

slipping back was in the '84 playoffs. And then that summer he went off. We went to Atlanta, picked him up, put him in the hospital. He went through another six to eight weeks of rehabilitation.

SPORT: Did he come back too soon?

LAYDEN: Yeah, and there was too much publicity. He became a celebrity. There were standing ovations, which was very kind and a tribute to this city, and John played well for a time. But I think rehabilitation has to be for a long period.

SPORT: Such as?

LAYDEN: Maybe a year to two years. I don't think you can do it in 21 days. You're not curing smoking here.

SPORT: Could you tell when Drew began slipping again last season?

LAYDEN: He started to show all the signs of drug addiction—sloppiness in his dress, lack of grooming, grubby all the time. You start to see him late for practice, then missing practice, then late for games. Then you start to see inconsistent play. In John's case he was running up the bills in his hotel. He would go to the gift shop and charge stuff to his room and then sell it on the street. And you know what? The people closest to him are the last people to recognize it. Because you don't want to know it.

SPORT: Did he ever come to a game where you sensed he was high?

LAYDEN: Yeah, he'd be a little lethargic. He wouldn't move.

SPORT: Why did you finally decide not to take him back for another chance?

LAYDEN: My suggestion to John was to stay in rehabilitation and start working in our front office, to learn some basic literacy skills he did not have. I wanted to get him capable of living in society without basketball. I did not want John to come back to the very thing that put him away, and that's the lifestyle of the professional athlete. His response was that he did not want to do those things—"Don't mess with my mind."

SPORT: What do you think about the NBA's current drug guidelines—basically,

three strikes and you're out?

LAYDEN: Every case should be taken individually. Everybody has a right to another chance. Whether that is one time or two times or three times is certainly arbitrary. Athletes have a short career, and sooner or later they run out of time.

SPORT: So the guidelines are too rigid?

LAYDEN: I think they won't hold up, if they go to court.

SPORT: How else would Commissioner Layden improve the NBA?

LAYDEN: I would let our coaches be more creative, let them play any zone they wanted to.

SPORT: Wouldn't the zone turn the game into a jump-shooting contest?

LAYDEN: I think you could still get the ball inside. It would make a greater weapon out of the fast break. You beat the zone by getting there before it sets up.

The illegal defense is a big problem. I'm not sure that everybody in the NBA understands what it is. I'll tell you something incredible: On one occasion last season, I played zone for 16 straight minutes against Phoenix, and we never got a zone call. Then what happens? The rest of the season we never played zone. They weren't illegal defenses, they were lousy defenses. But we got caught with one of our guys not guarding his man, and the referees made a quick call.

SPORT: What else would you change?

LAYDEN: The season's too long. The ideal schedule would be 60 games. To demand that these players play even two nights in a row after traveling is too much; it increases injuries and shortens careers. Of course, the owners would like them to play 150 games. But I think we are cheating the public a little bit.

I would stay with more games in your division and conference. I wouldn't have any interconference games. When the Celtics come to town, we sell out. But I would rather have the Lakers or Denver come in here a couple more times. You can't build rivalries when you only play an opponent three times a year on your home court.

I'd like to see three refs for each game. People think there would be more fouls, but I think players would be afraid to foul. In two-man coverage, your real vicious fouls come off the ball, where the referees aren't looking. That's when the guy takes his cheap shot. And I think

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It smells like a man.

you've got to raise the refs' pay to be commensurate with the coaches', to where there's a mutual respect from the fans, from the players and from the coaches.

SPORT: Do you like the draft lottery?

LAYDEN: I like the idea of the draft system, of the teams that lose getting the first choice. But why are we doing a lottery? Because teams cheated. And now we've got seven teams cheating. You're better off being one of those seven teams than losing in the first round of the playoffs.

We refuse to recognize gambling. We could not allow gambling on Jazz games when we played in Las Vegas. Then we gamble on the draft—on TV—in front of the whole country. That's a little inconsistent to me.

I would take it a step further. We're all working for the NBA, which is this big company with 23 branches. And I want those 23 branches to be strong. I would get a committee of five honest men and stick with their judgment to make the best possible product all over the company. I would sit down and say, "All right, we're partners in this business. I think it would be best for New York to get Ewing." If that's what the league needs, I would make sure he was there. I wouldn't take a chance by drawing it out of a hat. But I also have to help some franchises that are in trouble. I have to help Golden State and I have to help Indiana. I'd give them the best talent available to make those franchises as strong as possible.

SPORT: Doesn't that run counter to the spirit that each team should thrive or fail on its own merit and management?

LAYDEN: We are in the basketball business. We are in an entertainment business, and we have to put on the best possible show in every city. Maybe the free-enterprise system is failing us.

Let me say something else. In an interview like this, you have a tendency to talk about the negatives. But there's no doubt that basketball has made tremendous strides in the last couple of years. I think we're the sport of the Eighties.

SPORT: But you were supposed to be the sport of the Seventies. What went wrong?

LAYDEN: I think contract disputes, the two leagues, the beginning of the drug problem. But right now I think that we've overtaken college basketball.

SPORT: Let's conclude with a rating game. Who are the NBA's best coaches?

LAYDEN: In all fairness, I tend to lean a little more to the Western coaches be-

cause I see them more often. But to me, Pat Riley is the best coach in the NBA. He's innovative, he's creative, he's modest. And he's gone a little bit ahead in using electronics, putting an assistant up in the stands with a TV set.

The other thing you look for is longevity. Dick Motta has stayed in the league a long time. He won with a veteran team in Washington and now he's proven he can win with young players in Dallas.

I would also have to take Jack Ramsay. His teams are well disciplined and well prepared, and they run their offense so crisply. And Jack's got tremendous energy, he's up off the bench all the time. He's in the game.

SPORT: I noted you've omitted Hubie Brown, your old Niagara roommate. After he hired you as his assistant in Atlanta, you reportedly left on less than friendly terms. What happened?

LAYDEN: We had ego problems. I had never been an assistant coach, and maybe I didn't make a very good one. I probably was too old and too fixed in my ways. If Hubie and I had to be compared as coaches, our ways of skinning a cat are probably as far apart as they can be.

SPORT: Could you elaborate?

LAYDEN: Hubie's style is more militant. He has a more fanatical approach to winning than I do. Maybe I just don't take it quite as seriously. I don't take the game home with me. I can be in a fierce game in which I'm mad at the players, I'm upset with the refs, but I don't come home and get mad at the dog, or Barbara, or the kids. But I don't want to talk too much about Hubie—I was in his wedding party.

SPORT: And where does Frank Layden fit into the NBA coaching fraternity?

LAYDEN: The only people I have to satisfy are myself, the people I work for and my colleagues. I want the fellow coaches at least to respect me—to think that I belong among the 23 head coaches. I have a feeling that if I were to coach one of the elite teams, I would have a good record. I don't think I'm exactly Ralph Kramden; hopefully, I'm more Jackie Gleason. Maybe I don't look the part, but I have talent.

I would like people to like me. I would like to be well dressed, and I would like to be handsome. I would like to be all these things. But I'm not, so I just go about my way. ★

Jeff Coplon also wrote the profile of Dwayne Washington in this issue.

**IF IT DOESN'T FIT IN MY CH
IT DOESN'T FIT IN MY LIFE.**



**N O T H I N G W
C H E V Y**

EVY S-10,

"A man's got to have rules, and my #1 rule is if it doesn't fit in my Chevy S-10, it doesn't fit in my life. That means I'm always ready to load up my S-10 and move on to a new adventure. I equipped my S-10 to haul a whole bunch and even tow a lot so I'm never really roughing it. And with the available fuel-injected 2.8 Liter V6 and five-speed overdrive tranny, this baby eats up the miles. If you're a 4x4 man like me, shift-on-the-fly Insta-Trac's standard on all S-10 four-bys. You can even order a beefy off-road suspension and gas shocks so 'anywhere you want' really means anywhere. Hey, if it doesn't fit in my Chevy S-10, it doesn't fit in my life."

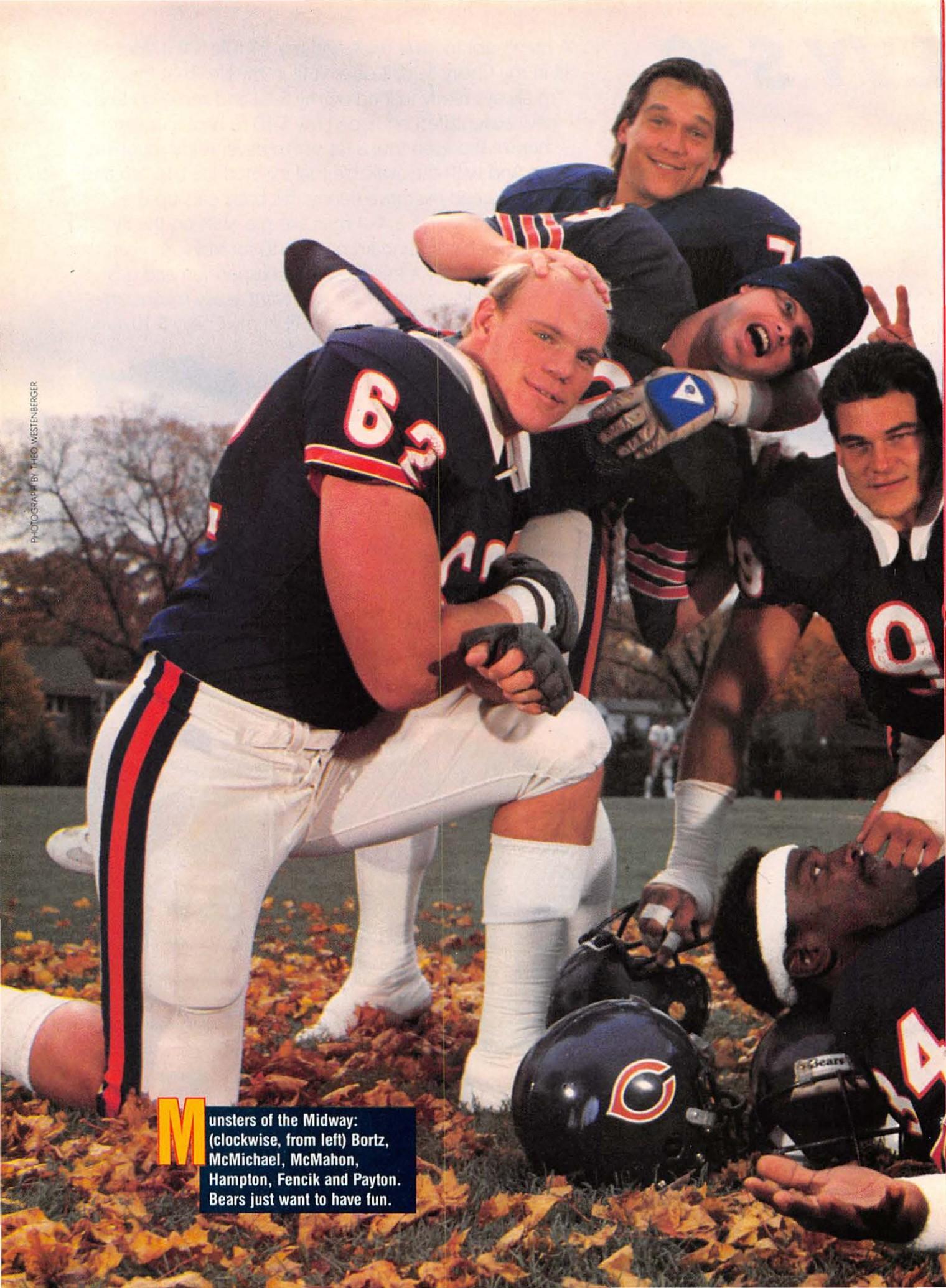


Light bar shown can be purchased through outside suppliers. This is *not* a safety device.

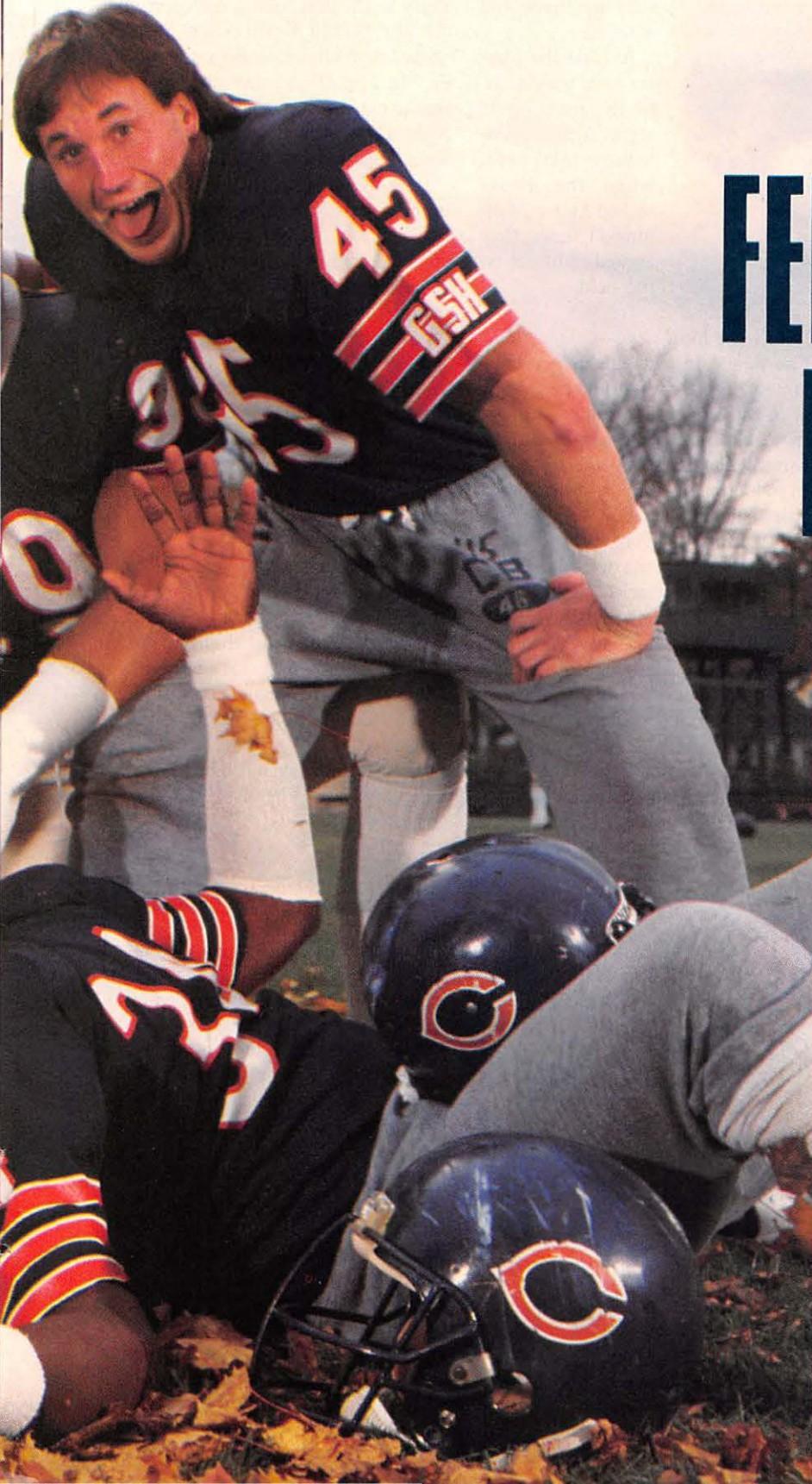


Let's get it together...buckle up.

WORKS LIKE A TRUCK



Masters of the Midway:
(clockwise, from left) Bortz,
McMichael, McMahon,
Hampton, Fencik and Payton.
Bears just want to have fun.



PLEASE DON'T FEED THE BEARS

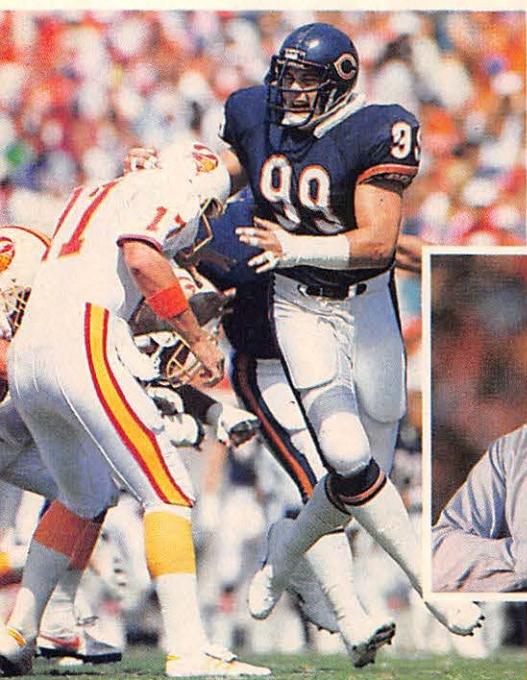
Every team has its quirks and conflicts, but only the Bears seem to revel in them. Spend a week with the NFL's best and most bizarre team.

MONDAY

by
Kevin
Lamb

The Chicago Bears' defensive meeting room is rocking like a substitute teacher's classroom. Players are arguing with coaches. Passions are primed. There is cackling from the back.

The coaches are showing the film of yesterday's victory at Tampa Bay. Gary Fencik wants to know why he didn't get credit for an assisted tackle on that last play. He touched the ballcarrier, didn't he? Well, yes. But he was on the ground when the tackler drove the ballcarrier into



him. Fencik, legitimately the team's leading tackler, laughs. Nice try.

Stats are at stake. Unlike offensive players, defensive players have subjective stats. Coaches decide who made the tackles and sacks, the assists and hurries. It's not always cut-and-dried. But the contract clauses providing bonuses for those stats are black and white.

At least the players have waited until the meeting to argue. Against Minnesota last year, when the Bears sacked Archie Manning 11 times, they argued right out on the field.

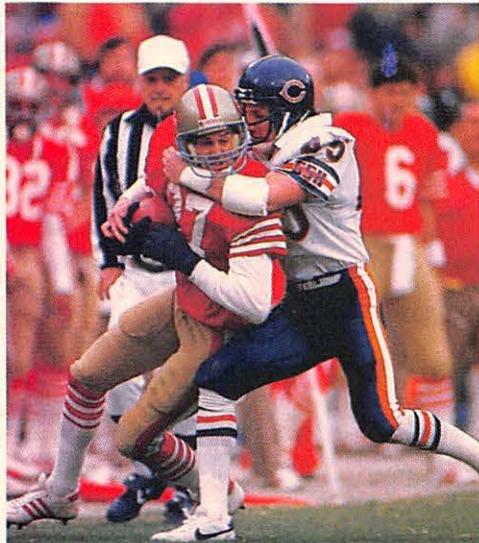
"I got him."

"No, I got him."

The Bears, in fact, are in perpetual argument. From the Yuppie club president to the Survivalist trainer, this is a team of clashing personalities and aggressive behavior. But it is also the best team in football in 1985, and that makes conflict colorful.

"They want a bunch of cookie-cutters," says Dan Hampton, the defensive tackle, of NFL muckity-mucks. "They want people to say, 'This guy studies his plays. He goes home. He eats Dinty Moore beef stew. He watches *M*A*S*H* until 10:30, turns out the light and goes to sleep.' This team doesn't have those prototypes."

All NFL teams have their characters. What makes the Bears different is that their characters aren't covering kickoffs. They're the stars. Jim McMahon and Walter Payton, Hampton and Fencik and



Steve McMichael. In a perfect world, these people wouldn't get along.

Mike McCaskey—George Halas' 42-year-old grandson and now the president of the Bears—is a refreshing individualist himself. He likes diversity, even dissension. This summer, after the Bears drafted 314-pound defensive tackle William Perry in the first round, defensive coordinator Buddy Ryan called Perry "a wasted draft choice" and a waste of money. "In a lot of organizations, you make that statement, you're gone, period," says Mike Ditka, the head coach. "And in some organizations it can be tolerated."

It is tolerated on the Bears, in large part, because McCaskey likes a bubbling pot. "It's a delight more than a tolerance," he says. "One of the joys of running a professional football club, compared to other businesses, is there's greater room for colorful personalities."

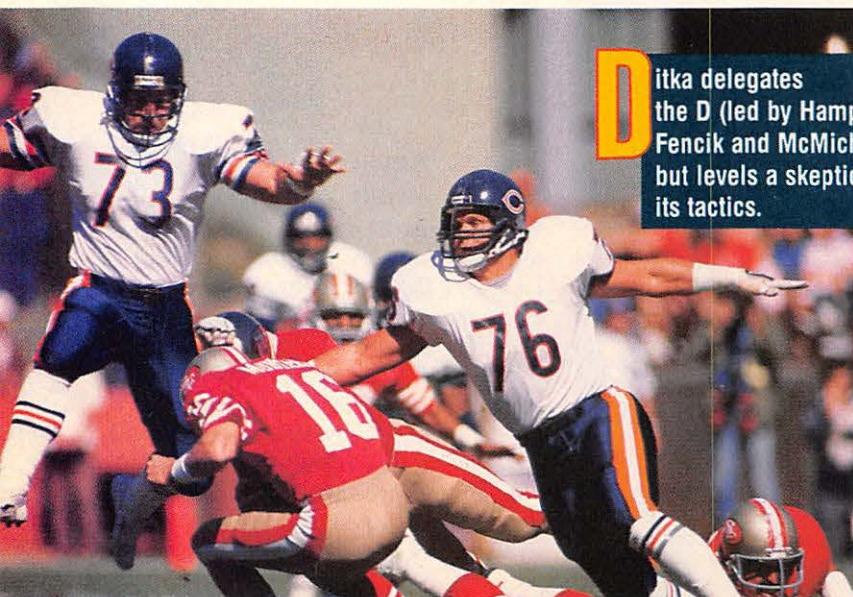
By 2 P.M. all the players have left Halas Hall, the Bears' headquarters in plush, suburban Lake Forest. Besides rehashing yesterday's game film, all they do on a Monday is limber up their sore muscles and treat their injuries. They won't start practicing for next Sunday's game, at San Francisco, until Wednesday.

It's a big game. The Bears are undefeated; the 49ers, defending Super Bowl champions, are struggling. The Bears lost the NFC championship game at San Francisco last year. It was a bitter defeat. Ditka expects this game could figure in determining the home sites for this year's playoffs.

"I don't know what it'll be like around here January 15," he says, "but, boy, it's got to be nice."

TUESDAY

Ditka delegates the D (led by Hampton, top, Fencik and McMichael), but levels a skeptical eye on its tactics.



Game plans for San Francisco are ready by midafternoon. The offense is going to pass. A lot. Ditka still seethes at the memory of running helplessly into the teeth of the 49ers' eight-man fronts when the Bears lost, 23-0, last year. McMahon was injured then. Now he's not. Now he's the NFL's leading passer.

The defense wants to make Joe Montana take more than his usual two seconds or so to throw the ball. It will confuse him with multiple coverages, which it uses every week. It also will bump the receivers at the line. If the cornerbacks can slow down the receivers a split second, that might be enough time for the rush men to reach Montana. Simple.

It's the players' day off, but middle

linebacker Mike Singletary comes to pick up the game plan. He always does. If he weren't so sincere, Singletary might be too serious to take seriously. As it is, his teammates call him a playing coach. But they can't always contain their laughter through the end of his Hey-Now drills.

Singletary leads a Hey-Now every few weeks at the end of pre-practice stretching exercises. He's a minister's son, and the drill sounds like a revival meeting. Every time Singletary says something, the other players respond, "Hey now!" Singletary's lines don't rhyme. They have no cadence. Last week some of them went, "Five years ago, we were not much good," and "Now we're 4-0" and "We're going to beat Tampa Bay."

"I'm sure even Mike thinks it's hokey," wide receiver Brian Baschnagel says. "But it does get practice off to a rousing start."

Singletary's intensity has had teammates shaking their heads since he joined the Bears in 1981. The players called Singletary "Tasmanian Devil" at first, then changed it to "Samurai," which better suggests the attack noises he makes on the field.

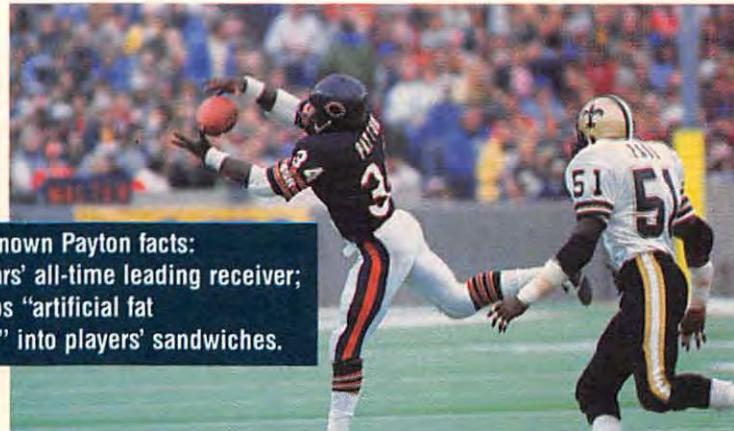
Peyton hunts on Tuesdays. He's serious about it. The Monday before he broke the all-time rushing record, he told reporters, "The only thing I'm looking forward to now is getting out there with the bow" and hunting the next morning with Roland Harper, his former Bear running mate. Peyton can hunt in his backyard, which is bigger than some ZIP codes. Out of season, he can use the 80-foot shooting range in his basement.

In honor of breaking the record, Peyton bought his linemen gifts. Expensive wristwatches are such a cliche. Instead, he gave them top-of-the-line Browning shotguns, engraved with the particulars of the historic game.

One of those linemen is Mark Bortz, the left guard. He collects guns and is a military historian. He is trying to round up Bears players for a survivalist weekend next spring at one of those camps where teams shoot dye pellets at each other in the wilderness. Bortz says the linemen and Peyton are all for it. "We've already picked out who we want to shoot," he says.

Bortz would like strength coach Clyde Emrich on his team that weekend. Emrich also has a gun collection, only his isn't designed for four-legged creatures. Bortz likes to kid him about waiting for the next Civil War. "Clyde likes to talk about the range of fire he's got from his

Little-known Payton facts:
1) Bears' all-time leading receiver;
2) slips "artificial fat tissue" into players' sandwiches.



condo," Bortz says. "He's got high-powered rifles, practically cannons. Who's he going to take on? The Romans?"

WEDNESDAY

Today is the first day of full workouts. The defensive players are meeting on the field. They're walking through assignments. Sometimes they walk roughly. Buddy Ryan is in charge, and he keeps everybody on edge. He considers it high praise to say, "Not all bad." At a meeting before the Tampa Bay game, he said, "We've got to do something about this Swiss-cheese defense. It's got holes in it and it stinks."

Ditka conducts the offensive meetings. The units are rarely together, except at special-teams meetings from 9 to 9:30 and when they practice against each other. They meet separately at 9:30, and again before practice begins at 1:20. The regular practices on Wednesday and Thursday—the week's longest—last until 4.

Both Ditka and Ryan are more outspoken than most NFL coaches, and their differences sometimes crash through the closed doors of staff meetings. Besides the Perry bickering in August, they have squabbled over a number of issues involving defensive players and strategems. When the Bears forced five turnovers but allowed 445 yards at Minnesota this season, Ryan said, "We used too much zone"; Ditka said he was glad to see all the zone coverage, which makes turnovers easier.

Ryan has as much independence as any assistant coach in the league. One of the reasons is that Ditka is secure enough and smart enough to distinguish strong opinions from insubordination. He could have replaced Ryan last year or this year, but he recognizes he has a good coach. "He has great rapport with his people," Ditka says. "Our people believe in his system and find ways to make it work."

This afternoon McMahon's wife

brings his children to Halas Hall. His daughter is two, his son not quite one. As he carries his daughter into the locker-room, he whispers loud enough so reporters will hear, "Let's go see some naked boys."

Later, he comes out for a television interview. A chaw of tobacco makes his lower lip the size of a shot glass. The eye-slits in his sunglasses are no wider than a pencil. The hood is up on his bright-blue rain jacket, and a sweatband is outside the hood.

McMahon is in his public uniform. He does need sunglasses to protect his eyes from bright TV lights. When he was seven, he stabbed it with a fork, trying to untie a knot. He could wear plain old Foster Grants, though. He could look, well, normal.

But then people might think he's just another pretty-boy quarterback. That would be enough to make him puke. He cultivates his antihero image. As his friend wide receiver Ken Margerum says, "He likes to be disgusting on purpose, just to get a reaction out of people." But his contempt for convention, and authority in general, is very sincere.

"That's why he's a great quarterback," Margerum says. "Defenses have all these computer printouts of what you're going to do on first-and-10 and second-and-long and third-and-3, and Jim just goes against all convention of what he's supposed to do. A lot of big plays go to a completely different receiver than the one that was planned. You can't defend that."

McMahon has never been far from authority's thumb, growing up Catholic and going to a Mormon school. At Brigham Young, he says, "I was on probation my whole time." This week, a Utah writer asked him for his fondest memory at BYU. "Leaving," he said.

He has learned that shocking people turns the tables on authority. He has learned to do that by drinking conspicuously, as when he arrived at Halas

Hall with a can of beer the day he was drafted, and by dressing outrageously. He sometimes wears a T-shirt with lots of bears on it. They're in a circle, in pairs, making little bears.

THURSDAY

Yesterday was interview day for the opposing coaches, and in today's papers you can almost feel Ditka and 49ers coach Bill Walsh trembling. Walsh said the Niners "fear for our safety" against the Bears. Ditka said he didn't know if he wanted to show up Sunday, either. Today he walks into the press room and announces, "The game's been canceled. Mutual fear."

Dan Hampton is depressed. He has a sprained ankle and might not play. *Hampton*, who played 23 days after arthroscopic knee surgery two years ago.

He had his third operation on that knee last February, and he was downright embarrassed at the rehabilitation schedule that had him coasting into training camp. But he's learned not to force things. "After five knee operations, it's time I realized I'm not bulletproof," he says.

Hampton and McMichael are the scourges of the offense at practice. McMichael is the one most apt to get into a fight. "He goes full bore all the time," says center Jay Hilgenberg. "If he gets by you in practice, he'll turn around and laugh at you. Then you block him and you smile and he kicks you in the shin."

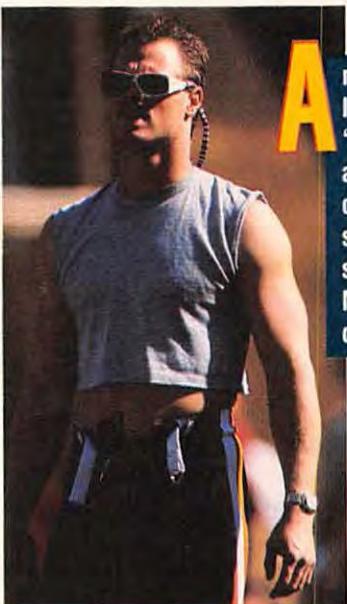
Still there is palpable respect and even affection for the offense by the defense. When the Bears were losing 32 of 51 games from 1980 through mid-1983, that wasn't the case. Defensive players taunted offensive players. They considered the offense a handicap.

This is a close-knit team now. "This team doesn't show its closeness by hugging and kissing," says McMichael. "It shows it by sarcasm."

Hampton is more lighthearted at practice than McMichael. He likes to play the 30-second clock. When he thinks the offense has been huddling too long, he says, "Hey, McMahon. While we're young."

Meetings have finished, and Payton is at the receptionist's desk—answering phones. "The more you can do," he says.

Rain has soaked the field behind Halas Hall, so practice is at a public park half a mile away. Walking there, Payton stops to sign an autograph for a woman driving a pickup and hitches a ride in the trailer. Under a shelter at the park, he meets an elderly man. He extends his hand and says, "Hi, I'm Roland Harper." He visits two spectators on the sideline and offers to determine which one has a



And me, I'm Jim McMahon: "Jim goes against all convention of what he's supposed to do," says teammate Margerum. "You can't defend against that."

wider umbrella.

Payton is Mr. Loose. He's the one who set off firecrackers in the racquetball court. He's the one who dipped the morning doughnuts in some of the trainers' paraffin wax to make them look glazed. The trainers also have something called artificial fat tissue, which they use for padding players' hands. It feels like rubber, looks like cheese. Payton puts it in players' sandwiches.

He goes back to the field and gets William (The Fridge) Perry to run a goal-line drill. Perry is the ballcarrier. Perry offers some tackling advice. "Lock 'em up," he says, meaning to grasp hands behind the ballcarrier. Payton's barely reach. "Lock 'em up?" Payton says. "I'm just trying to get you out of bounds."

All this occurs while the special teams are practicing. There is still time for Perry to practice fielding punts.

FRIDAY

Singletary tells Ditka that the Bears will shut out the 49ers, no question. He

thinks the game plan is that good.

Practice is shorter on Friday, concentrating on short-yardage, goal-line and two-minute situations.

Today's cartoon features a bear and a California gold rusher playing chess. The bear is taking the gold rusher's quarterback with his linebacker, which he calls "Big O," the name Otis Wilson has tried to get Ryan to call him, instead of "55."

It was drawn by the Halas Hall superintendent, who has been a commercial artist and does not look like a superintendent. He wears a bow tie and pince-nez glasses, sports a cookie-duster mustache and rides a motorcycle. He reads philosophy and classics. He often pushes his broom with a Walkman around his ears, probably tuned to the public radio station. His name is Richard McMurrin.

McMurrin posts a cartoon nearly every day. Payton was the subject of one of his best last year. Payton had just broken the rushing record and just been given a very expensive sports car by the company whose shoes he endorses. Payton and the car were in the background. In the foreground were the offensive linemen with smiles of utter appreciation, saying "Walter gave us Tee-shirts." The T-shirts advertised Payton's shoe company.

When the Bears had a quarterback controversy two years ago, Payton said that wasn't the problem. "We could put Dick the janitor back there," he said, "if everybody else did their job."

At the next practice, McMurrin was in uniform. At quarterback.

Hampton is back at practice, as is defensive end Richard Dent, who has been nursing a hip pointer. Their only problem now, says Ryan, is "sunburned bottom lips" from pouting when he said they wouldn't start. Ryan's problem has been getting a pass-rush without blitzing.

"I think teams are afraid of the piranha effect with us," Hampton says. "They're afraid if we get one or two sacks, we'll smell blood and go crazy. They say, 'We'll throw interceptions. We'll throw into coverage. But we're not going to give up a sack.'"

Ditka would rather not hear his players denigrate the opposition. But, he says, "I think a certain amount of cockiness, being assured and feeling good about it is not a bad thing."

"If you're running with a pack of scared dogs," says McMichael, putting it differently, "everyone is going to be scared. But if you're running with a bunch of mean ones, all the dogs are going to be mean."

SATURDAY

On the flight to San Francisco, a surprise appetizer is served. It's alligator from a Tampa restaurant. Ditka and general manager Jerry Vainisi have eaten alligator there before their last three games in Tampa, all victories. It's a little bland.

Today's workout is short, with special-teams work and the offense and defense picking up loose ends, working on tricky formations and other possible problems. At the hotel the players will meet as a group, watch a special-teams film and break up for offense and defense meetings. Ditka talks to the whole group. He makes more of an effort to keep the players loose than to wind them up. That's partly because a coach who has broken his hand punching a locker after a game can stir players up without much effort. But it's also because he knows people play better when they're not tight.

"We made some horrible mistakes in practice Wednesday," Brian Baschnagel says. "But we corrected them and went on. He didn't make us run any more. In the past he would have yelled and screamed all during practice and at the end he'd say, 'Get on the line and we're going to run until we drag.'"

Ditka has a reputation for being oppressively intense. In fact, he gives his players and staff a lot of slack. He was a defiant player himself, the tight end who once said George Halas "throws nickels around as if they were manhole covers."

"I played hard," Ditka says. "I was outspoken and I was an individual and we [the Bears of the early Sixties] had a lot of them."

Ditka surprised some of his bosses by installing a players council, entertaining weekly gripes from five designated representatives. He acknowledges that it is risky letting football players have a long leash. "That's why when teams start losing, you see them go to more rigid schedules," he says. But he believes, at least for now, that it's even riskier to throw a harness on strong personalities.

"Another coach might have wound his team too tight for a game like this," McCaskey says. "Our practices were loose, but intense."

SUNDAY

Payton is pinching butts, throwing rolled-up socks, keeping the pre-game atmosphere light in the lockerroom. He ignores

the players who prefer to put their game faces on quietly. He used to be one of them himself, lying under the training table to concentrate on the battle.

The players hadn't talked during the week about their bitterness toward the 49ers. But they remembered a feeling that the Niners had been a bit too haughty in victory last year. Now Ditka has wallpapered the lockerroom with newspaper clippings from that game, appropriately underlined.

One line they remember particularly: "Next time bring an offense." None of the 49ers had said it. It was a writer's line. But athletes don't split hairs over who's the messenger.

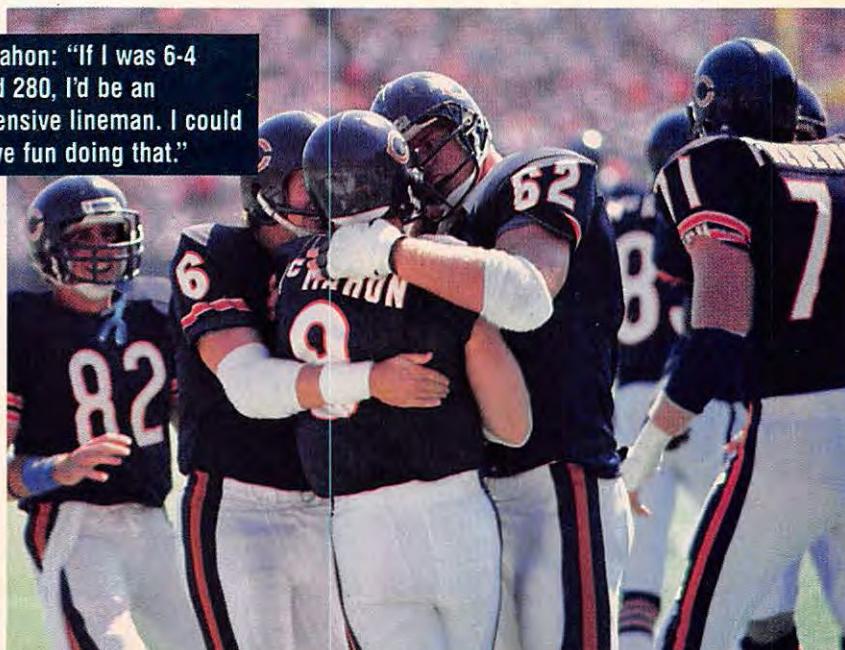
gains two yards each time, topping the 49ers' second-half rushing yardage by one. "Grass and smoke and chinstraps were flying," Payton says. The linemen say they're thankful Perry didn't fall on them.

In McMurrin's Monday cartoon, McMahon will be handing off a cheeseburger to Perry. The caption: Big Back attack. Ditka talks in days to come about using Perry at tight end for a flea-flicker.

"I just wanted to see if he could run with it," Ditka says after the game. But he remembers McIntyre.

This is still an up-from-hungry team. Despite its cockiness and its general respect as the league's best team, it goes into

McMahon: "If I was 6-4 and 280, I'd be an offensive lineman. I could have fun doing that."



Rarely does a game plan come to life so vividly. The Bears pass on their first 5 plays and take a 7-0 lead after 2½ minutes. They lead, 16-0, after 16:05. Seventeen of their first 24 plays are pass plays.

The defense checks the receivers at the line, just as planned, and sacks Joe Montana seven times, the most in his career. McMichael is his shadow. It is only the fourth time a Walsh team doesn't score an offensive touchdown. The 49ers get their fewest yards and first downs ever under Walsh. The score is 16-10 for the whole third quarter, but the game is never close. It ends, 26-10. "We brought an offense," Ditka says.

Running out the clock, the Bears put Perry in the backfield for the first time in a game. The 49ers had put guard Guy McIntyre in the backfield against Chicago last year, but only as a blocking back. Perry carries the ball twice. He

games with the desperate mean streak of an underdog. "We all have the feeling that if we slip one game, it's all going to come crashing down on our faces," Bortz says.

Baschnagel, on injured reserve, notices the emotion even from the coach's box. "When things aren't going the way you like them to, you can feel that anger inside," he says. "That's why when something happens, small as it might be, it triggers that momentum, and when we get going it's difficult to stop it." That's no surprise, though. If Ditka's coaching philosophy can be reduced to one sentence, it is "Put a chip on your shoulder in July and leave it there until January."

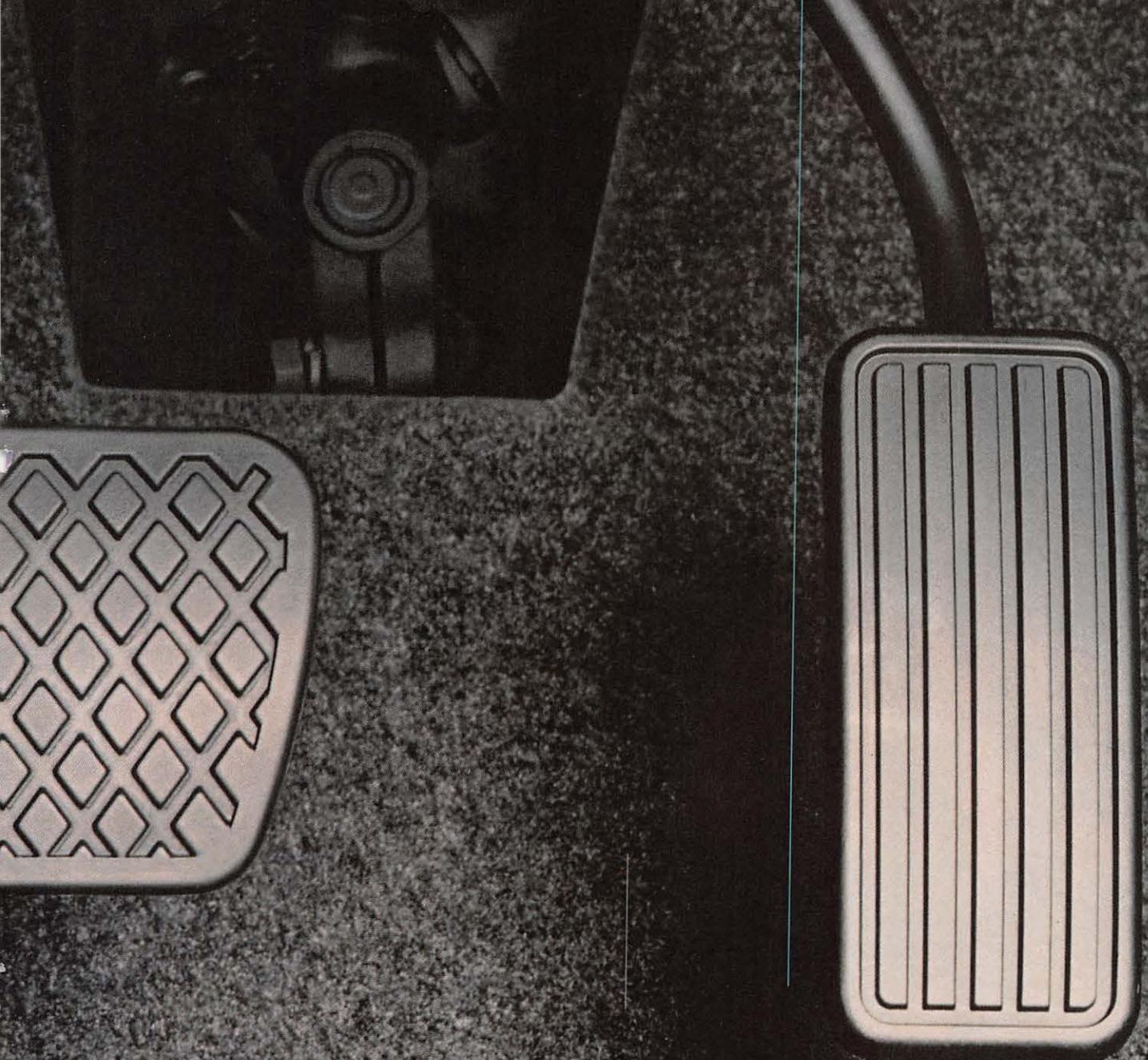
But for now, they put the chip aside. They are elated. The film room will be rocking again tomorrow. ★

Kevin Lamb writes about football for the Chicago Sun-Times.

Remember who was called the



en the gas pedal
e accelerator?



The new 1.5 liter fuel-injected CRX Si. It will jog your memory. **HONDA**



EASLEY DOES IT

True story. Up until the time I left to go to UCLA, the latest I could stay out on school nights was 10:00, and I had to be home on weekends by midnight. I came home late one night because I got caught by a train, Norfolk and Western. I come in the house, 12:03. Check my watch. We had plastic on the carpet, like in all the black homes, and I hear the plastic rattling. So I

stop. All the lights are out. I'm going to head for the steps. I have to walk past the living room. Now my old man is creeping toward the door, all right. *True story.* I walk past the door and he reaches out and he hits me right in the nose with his fist. Busted my nose open 'cause I was three minutes late getting home."

Kenny Easley, the all-pro safety of the Seattle Seahawks, tells this story over beers at a place called the Foghorn. Practice ended an hour ago and he is wearing a neat, blue running suit, running shoes and no socks. He sits back in his chair, legs uncrossed, and his eyes never leave yours. Soft jazz is playing in the background. Outside, through tinted picture

windows, the sun is going down over Lake Washington. Easley doesn't see it. He looks at you until you look away. "That's how serious my father was," he says.

Ten days later, you meet Ken Easley Sr. in the parking lot outside Giants Stadium. He looks strong and fit, at 49, and lifts his cap to show you a full head of black hair. He is here with 91 relatives

and friends who rode seven hours on two buses all the way from Chesapeake, Virginia, to watch Kenny play the Jets. You are curious about that night when Kenny came home three minutes late. "He thought I was being a little hard on him," says Easley Sr., an ex-marine who earned the nickname "Bullwhip" playing linebacker in the military. "I always remember when my old man put us out, walking down the street with my sisters, both of them holding on to my hands—I can't understand why I still remember that—from our house up to my Grandma's, where we stayed till we were grown. That stuck in my mind. I always wondered what it would have been like if I had a father to stand behind me, to push me."

The classic strong safety is more like a linebacker than a defensive back. He may have to pick up the tight end running a short pattern across the middle, or the extra receiver coming out of the backfield, but he earns his pay by routinely taking on a blocking guard at the line of scrimmage and making tackles. Pass coverage, traditionally, is the domain of the weak safety and the cornerbacks. The strong safety has to stop the run.

Today, the classic strong safety is obsolete. The swing toward a more open passing game has forced him into an expanded role. If the tight end goes deep, in the manner of Kellen Winslow, the strong safety goes with him. If four receivers line up outside, he may be pressed into one-on-one duty with a speedy little wideout. He's blitzing more, too, or worse, left behind to guard the barn while someone else blitzes. He's still big and strong, but now he better be the best athlete on the field.

Easley is the premier strong safety in the league today. He is big enough to play linebacker (6-3, 206), quick enough to play the corner (4:48 in the 40). "Kenny Easley has speed, tenacity and size," says Willie Brown, Hall of Fame cornerback and defensive backfield coach of the Raiders. "No doubt about it, he is the best strong safety in football."

In three full seasons since coming into the league (strike year excluded), Easley has averaged 88 tackles and 7 interceptions; he had 10 in 1984, to

Kenny Easley puts the impact in Impact Player. Every coach would like to have him. No opponent wants any part of him. While leading Seattle's punishing defense, he is changing the game itself.

by David Whitford

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN McDONOUGH

lead the NFL. Like Lawrence Taylor at weakside linebacker and Winslow at tight end, Easley does everything everybody else always did—and then some. In the process, he has set a new standard for strong safety. Opposing teams write their game plans around him.

Tom Catlin, defensive coordinator of the Seahawks, describes the scope of Easley's responsibilities: "A lot of teams play a two-deep defense where the strong safety goes back and plays half the field. We use it some, but we like to keep him up a little bit closer where he can get to more plays. As a result, we like to line him up in the same spot and drop him back into that two-deep position sometimes. We try to use him like a linebacker in the running game because he's an excellent tackler and he's got great speed. When we go to the nickel package, we use him more like a deep, deep safety. He's a great blitzer, he's so quick. We dog him quite a bit because of his ability to beat blockers, same as Lawrence Taylor."

"If you don't handle him," says Dan Reeves, head coach of the Denver Broncos, "you're in for a long afternoon." That brings up one other thing. Easley says he plays hard. Word around the league is, he plays dirty.

The first four years I played in the National Football League, I had no reputation at all. Then we played the Miami Dolphins [last year in the playoffs], a team I disrespect. I don't care for the Miami Dolphins. Period. And their two piss-ant receivers, [Mark] Clayton and [Mark] Duper, because they're the reason all this crap got started anyway. All the articles come out after the game that Kenny Easley is a cheap shot, he's a dirty player and all those things. Prior to that, I had not played any differently than I played the Miami Dolphins. But because they're the glamour boys of the NFL, all of a sudden this tag comes up that I'm dirty and nasty. I can't wait to play them again. If they think I played hard that time, I can't wait to play them again."

When Easley finishes talking, he waits until you break eye contact, then pours himself a fresh glass of beer. At UCLA he majored in political science and earned his degree. "He is one of the brightest athletes I've worked with," says his lawyer, Leigh Steinberg. "He has a keen, inquisitive mind." Easley insists on reading every word in his own contract. "He would make a very astute businessman," Steinberg says. "He is clearly in control of his destiny."

Control seems to be what matters most to Easley. He goes about his business routinely, deliberately. Every day after practice he drives to the Foghorn and drinks four Rainiers, delivered by the waitress two at a time. This morning, as always, he parked his gray Honda in the first spot opposite the gate at the Seahawks' practice complex, pointing out. He was first on the field, first off, first out of the lockerroom. On game days, when the Seahawks circle single-file around the end zone before falling into ranks for warm-ups, Easley runs last. As he jogs past the goal post, he jumps and taps the cross bar three times.

On offensive series, while his teammates bunch up at the end of the bench closest to the action, Easley watches alone from the far side. And you won't find him in the lockerroom after the game. Easley dresses in the training room, off limits to visitors, and goes directly to the bus.

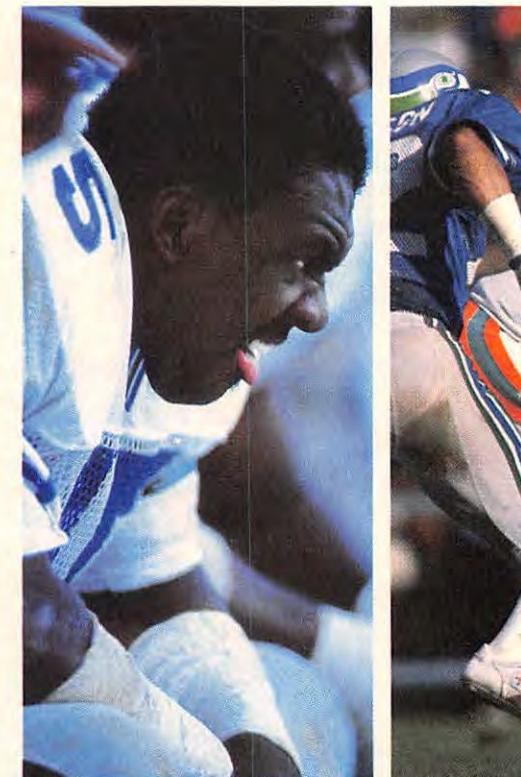
Once the game begins, control gives way to aggression. Against the Dolphins, he knocked Duper out of the game early with a concussion. After colliding with Easley in the second half, tight end Bruce Hardy had to leave with a twisted neck. "If they were illegal hits, why didn't the referee call them?" Easley wants to know. "They were good, tough, hard hits."

Early this year against the Bengals, Easley was called for a personal foul after he pummeled Bengals receiver Mike Martin out of bounds. "I am not concerned where the boundaries are," Easley says. "The guy is running the football and trying to advance upfield. They pay me to hit him, so I hit him. I don't see any difference in what I do hitting a guy with my forearm, and what Walter Payton, Eric Dickerson or Marcus Allen do stiff-handing me in the face. They say that by my hitting them with my forearm that I could cause them a neck injury and end their career. Well, Walter Payton and those guys can certainly end my career by hitting me with a hand in the face and jolting my neck back. They want to talk about rules? Talk about receivers clipping defensive backs downfield. I haven't met a receiver yet that can block. If they ever try to cut me, clip me, I'm going to hit them."

While a senior at Oscar Smith High in Chesapeake, Easley passed and ran for 1,000 yards each, and was heavily recruited as a quarterback. But he always had more fun playing defensive back and he chose UCLA because that's where they promised him he would play. "As a quarterback you have to have a certain

temperament," Easley says. "You have to remain rational and on an even keel."

Easley is an intimidating presence on the field. At 206 pounds ("My kill weight," he calls it), he is bigger than most defensive backs, and his custom-made Donzis shoulder pads are the biggest on the field ("So I can strike a harder blow"). His forearms are taped from his wrists to his elbows, like battering rams. And when the weather turns cold, he wears a pair of white batting gloves that say "Louisville Slugger." "If I had to go down a dark alley and I wanted somebody behind me, Kenny Easley would be that guy," says teammate Jeff Bryant.



"I have no interest in maiming or incapacitating anyone," Easley says. "But I do hit to hurt."

Opponents hit back. At midseason the Seahawks met the Broncos in a divisional showdown at Denver. Both teams entered the game tied for first place with the Raiders in the AFC West. Now, in the third quarter with the Broncos leading, 10-0, the home team faces third-and-two from its own 27. John Elway drops and fires a sideline pass to rookie wide receiver Vance Johnson. The ball arrives moments before Easley, who slams into Johnson and drives him out of bounds in front of the Broncos' bench.

Easley jumps up, turns to face the orange jerseys and barks, in a taunting staccato, "Ha. Ha. Ha." Advantage, Easley.

On the first play of the fourth quarter, Chris Norman of Denver drops back to punt. There, waiting, is Easley; the regular punt returner, Paul Skansi, is on the sidelines with a bruised back. It is a high, towering kick, almost 50 yards, and the coverage has plenty of time to get downfield. Easley stands, head up, arms loose, body relaxed. Before the ball arrives, he is hit. Rookie cornerback Daniel Hunter plants Easley in the turf, a personal foul. Advantage, Broncos.

"When I got to him he was face down

you're ready to go back in," says Trombold. "Are you sure you want to hit people?" He said, "Yah, yah, yah." Once he's clear and he's Kenny Easley again, he wants to get back in. He was pushing real hard."

After missing one defensive series, Easley returns to the game, still rubbing his eyes, still shaking his head, but back. Advantage, Easley.

The Seahawks hold. The Broncos' punting unit comes on and Easley, undaunted, drops back to receive the kick. Enough. John Harris, the free safety, calls him off. "I wasn't very coherent when I was out there," Easley says. "I really don't think

ries and a severe case of turf toe kept him from practicing most of the year. He played every game, though, and was good enough to be named starting strong safety in the Pro Bowl for the first time in his career.

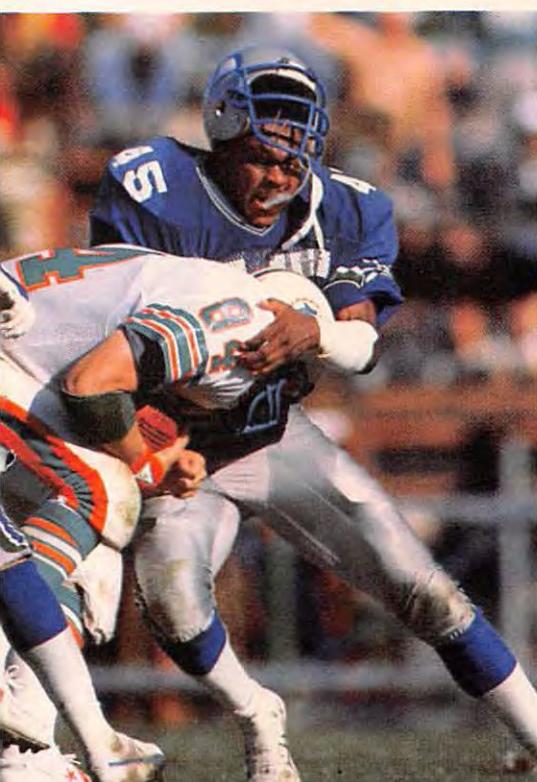
When pressed, Easley can remember only two games in his career when he played well enough for his father to say, "You played well." By consensus of the Seattle coaching staff, Easley is the most intense practice player on the team. He keeps a notebook on his own performance, recording the mistakes he thinks he makes.

The rest of the NFL, of course, sees fewer flaws. Every team is looking for a Kenny Easley of its own. "Yah, we're looking," says Dick Steinberg, personnel director at New England, "but we don't find him too often."

Easley is different in two ways. As a tackler, he combines sure instincts and athletic ability with a willingness to level crunching, punishing hits—traits not ordinarily combined in one player. As a pass defender, he is supremely confident. "After physical ability," says one scout, "the No. 1 thing about a defensive back is confidence. You need to be able to take on the challenge of someone one-on-one."

Easley is able, and his teammates have always known it. There is a story everybody remembers about his first training camp. Easley was the Seahawks' No. 1 draft choice in 1981, and so he bore the brunt of the ritual rookie hazing that year. Jacob Green, the top pick in 1980, was his appointed taskmaster. He made Easley get up and sing every day at the training table, sent him out for pizza at night, had him bus trays, go get beer for the group. It's tradition, Easley knows that, but things were getting out of hand. "I called my wife-to-be," Easley says. "I told her, there's a guy here who's getting on my nerves. I have a big enough problem trying to make this football team and learn all my plays without having to put up with all this crap. I said to her that night, 'If he says something to me tomorrow demeaning or derogatory, we're going to get in a fight.'"

The next day, Green backed off. Pure coincidence. Today they are best friends and neighbors. Was Easley really prepared to fight? "I was gonna whip his butt," Easley says. Green is a defensive end, 6-3, like Easley, but 50 pounds heavier. You're not so sure. "I could handle him," Easley says, and his eyes hold yours to make sure you understand. Then he does something he rarely does. He laughs. ★



"I have no interest in incapacitating anyone. But I do hit to hurt."



I had both oars in the water."

Although the Seahawks lost, 13-10, Easley finished with seven tackles. "I hope you don't think I was putting on a show," he says afterward. "I play the same way every game."

I did a horrible job this year," Easley said a couple of years ago. "Kenny Easley has made more mistakes this season than in his whole career combined—high school, college and pro. I've cost the team a lot of touchdowns, a lot of big plays. I did a horseshit job!"

The quote is from a Seattle newspaper and describes the way Easley felt about the 1983 season. Rib and ankle inju-

and he didn't respond to my talking," says the Seahawks' team physician, Dr. James Trombold. "I said, 'Kenny, if you hear me, answer.'" Easley was on the ground for seven minutes while his teammates stood around in a circle. At last he got up, rubbed his eyes, shook his head and hobbled to the sideline. In the press box, the announcement was made, "Kenny Easley has suffered a concussion. His return is doubtful."

Down on the sideline, Easley was being drilled to test his memory. Where are you? Who are we playing? What quarter is it? What's the score? Teammates asked him about his responsibility in specific plays. "I said, 'Ken, I don't feel like

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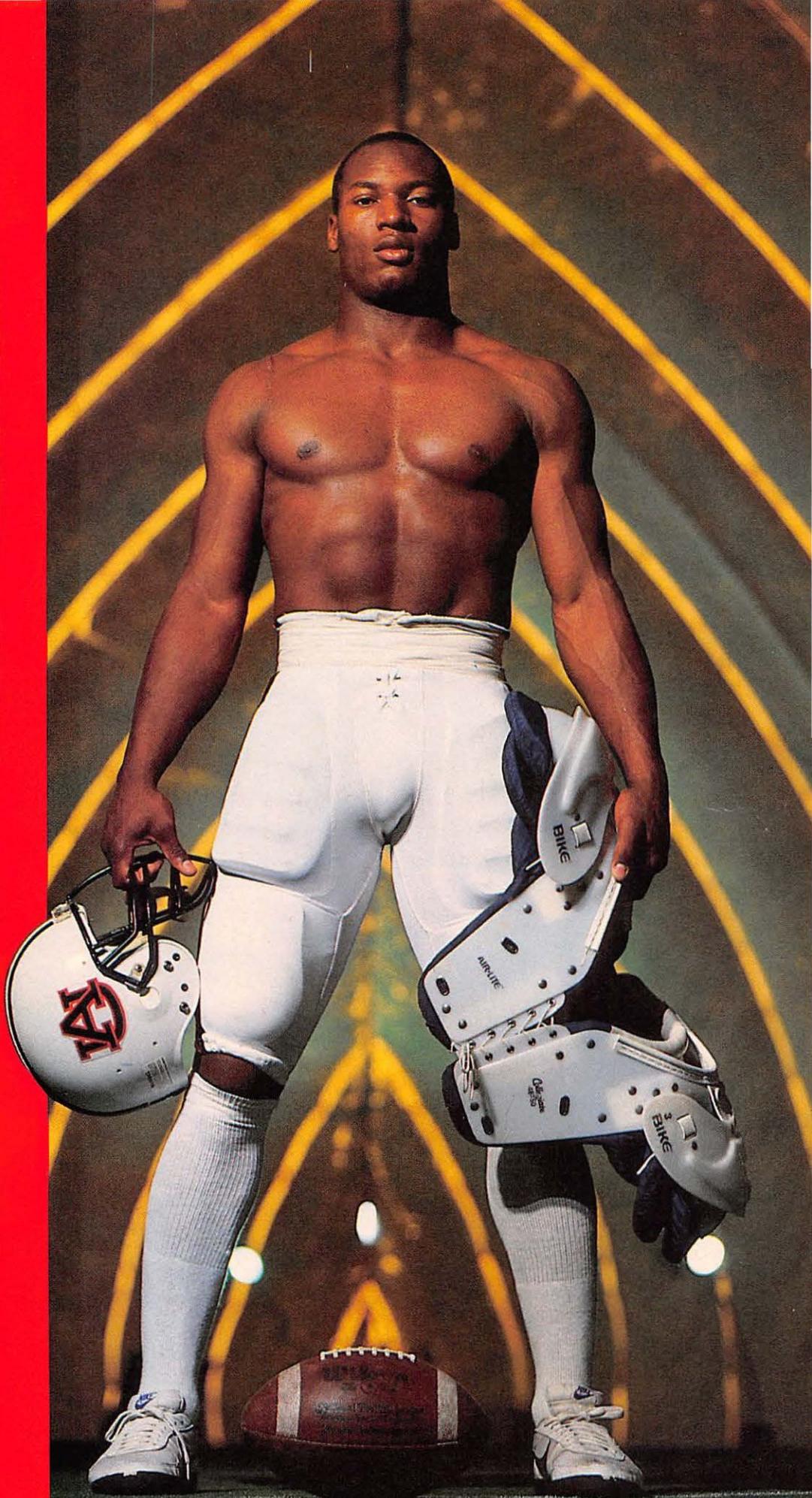
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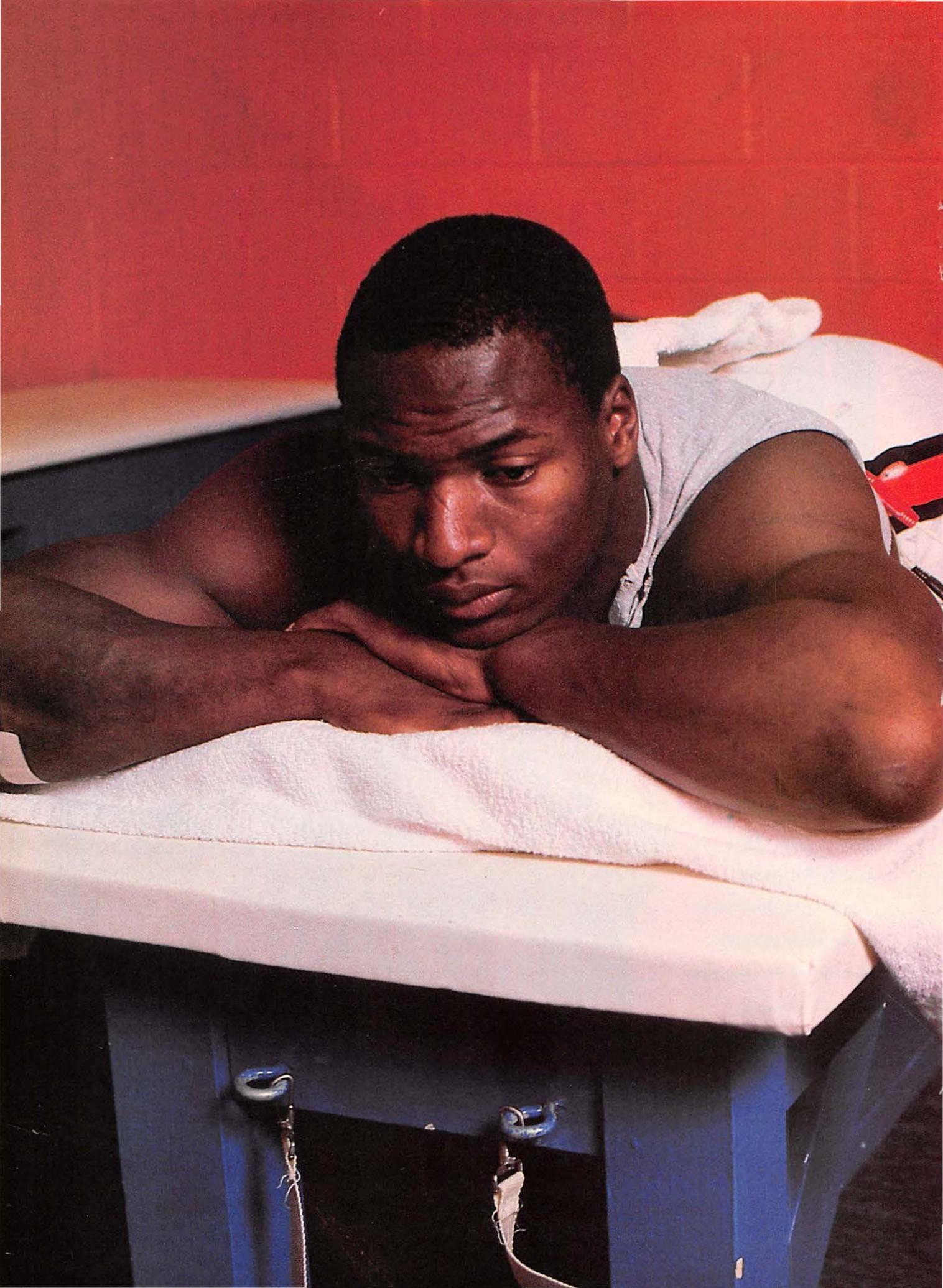
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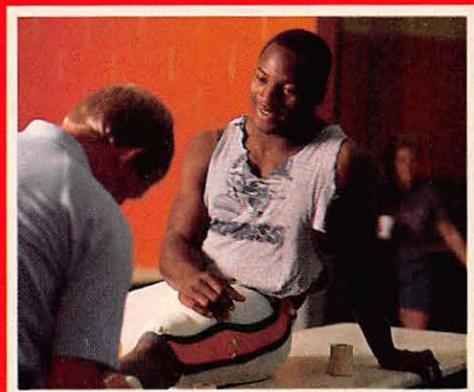
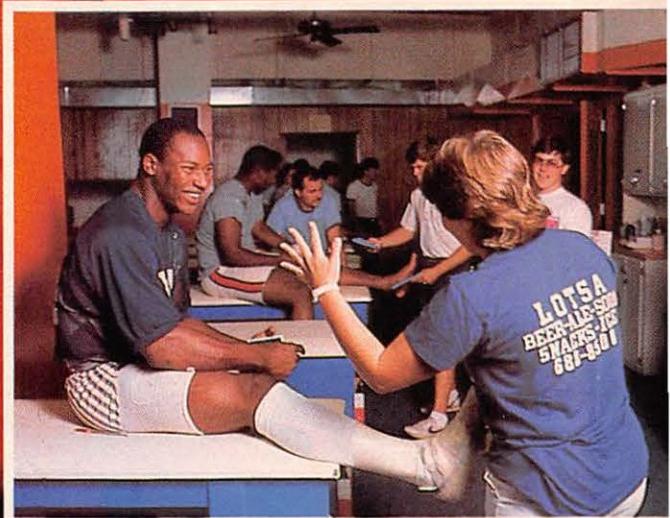
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i, Bo!" He hears it all the time from the lips of breathless Auburn girls, their eyelids fluttering. Vincent (Bo) Jackson is every other athlete's nightmare. He's the best football player in America, the best baseball player, a world-class sprinter. And he's peaking as we speak.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOHN McDONOUGH

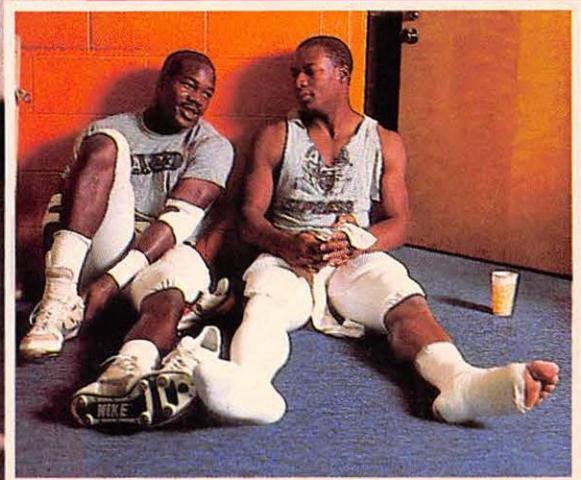


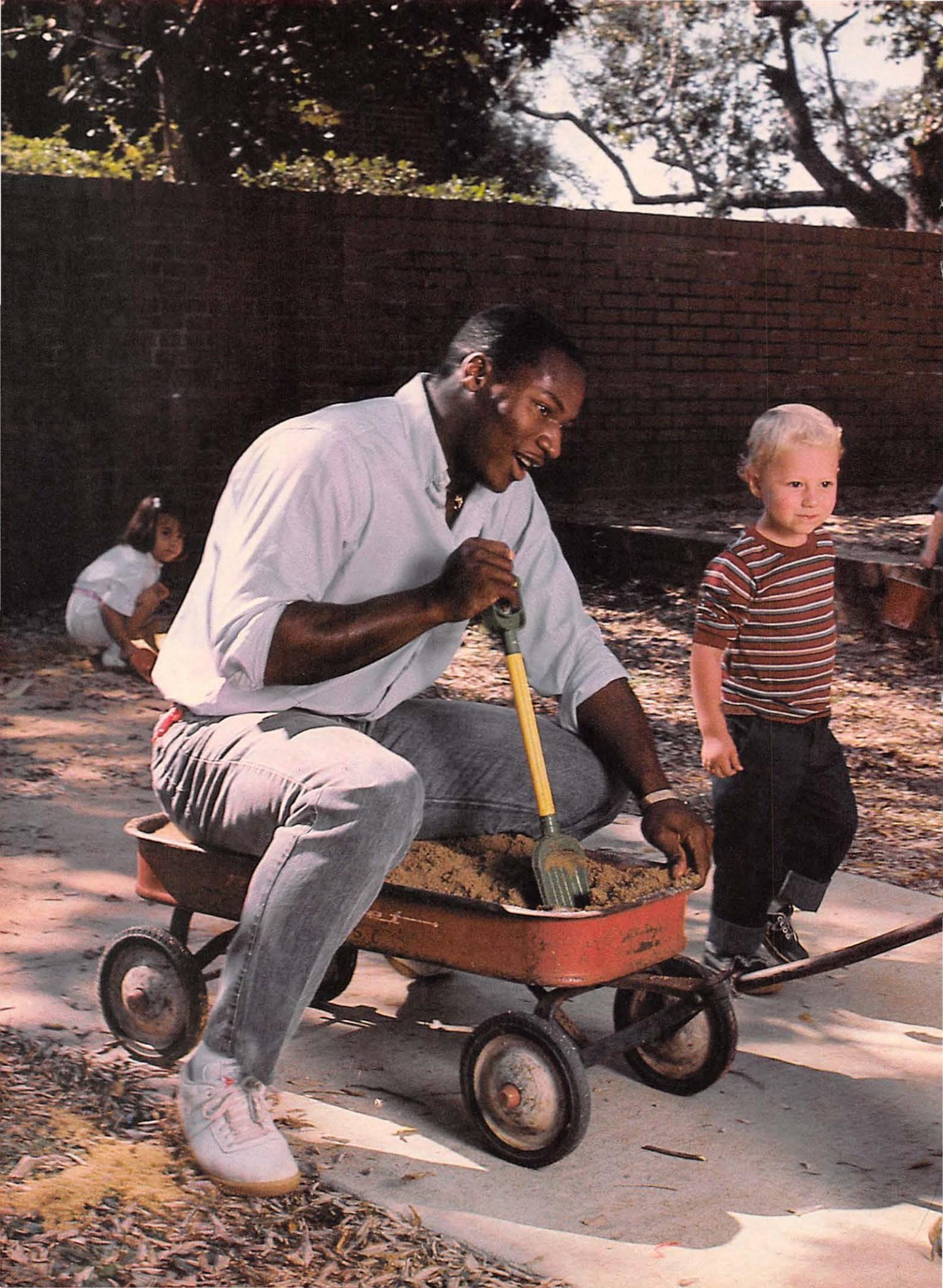


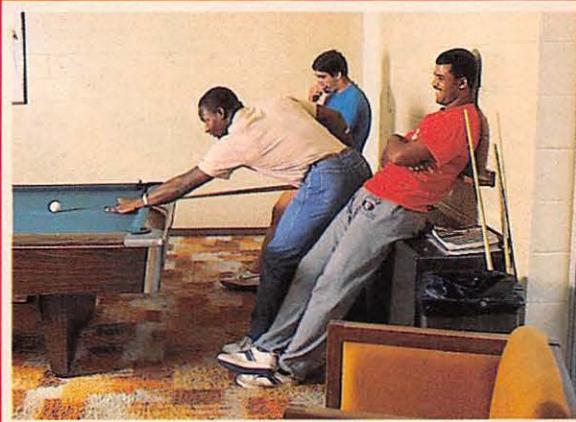


b ody by God, maintenance
by the Auburn training staff.

Height: 6-1; Weight: 222; Chest: 46";
Waist: 34"; Neck: 19"; Thigh:
26"; 40-yard dash: 4:22; Bench press:
400-plus. No weight training,
no running, no special diet. He'll eat
anything—except spinach.

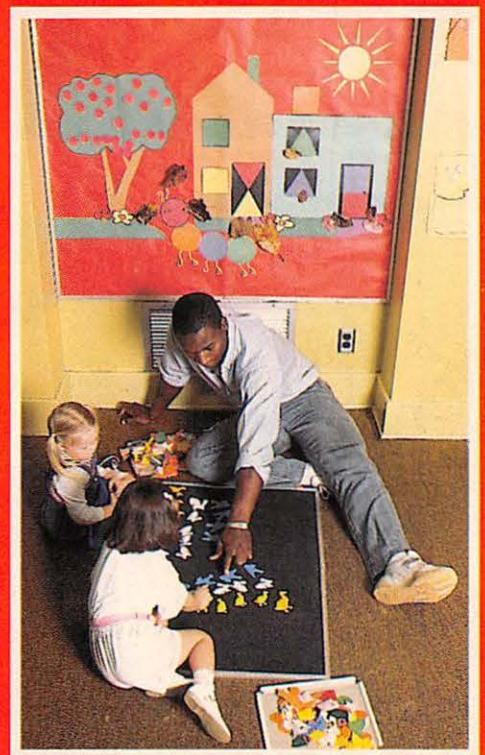






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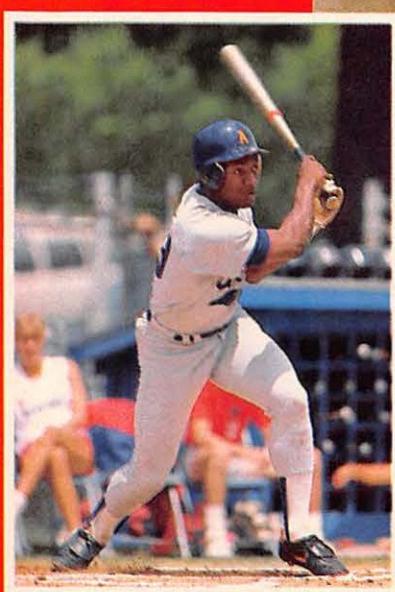
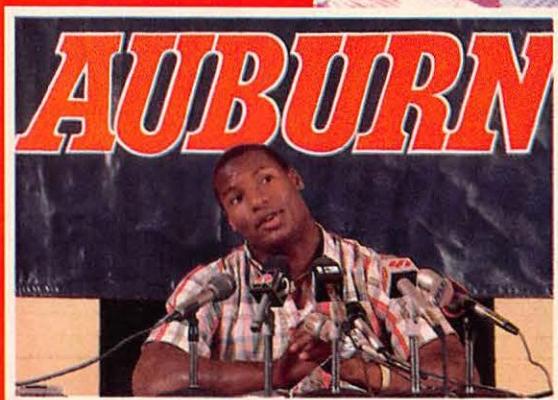
b o is short for boar hog, as in mean as. He plays with kids for credit at the Auburn Child Study Center. But Sundays at dawn, he goes to the woods with his 63-pound-pull White Tail bow. In target practice he always hits the heart.



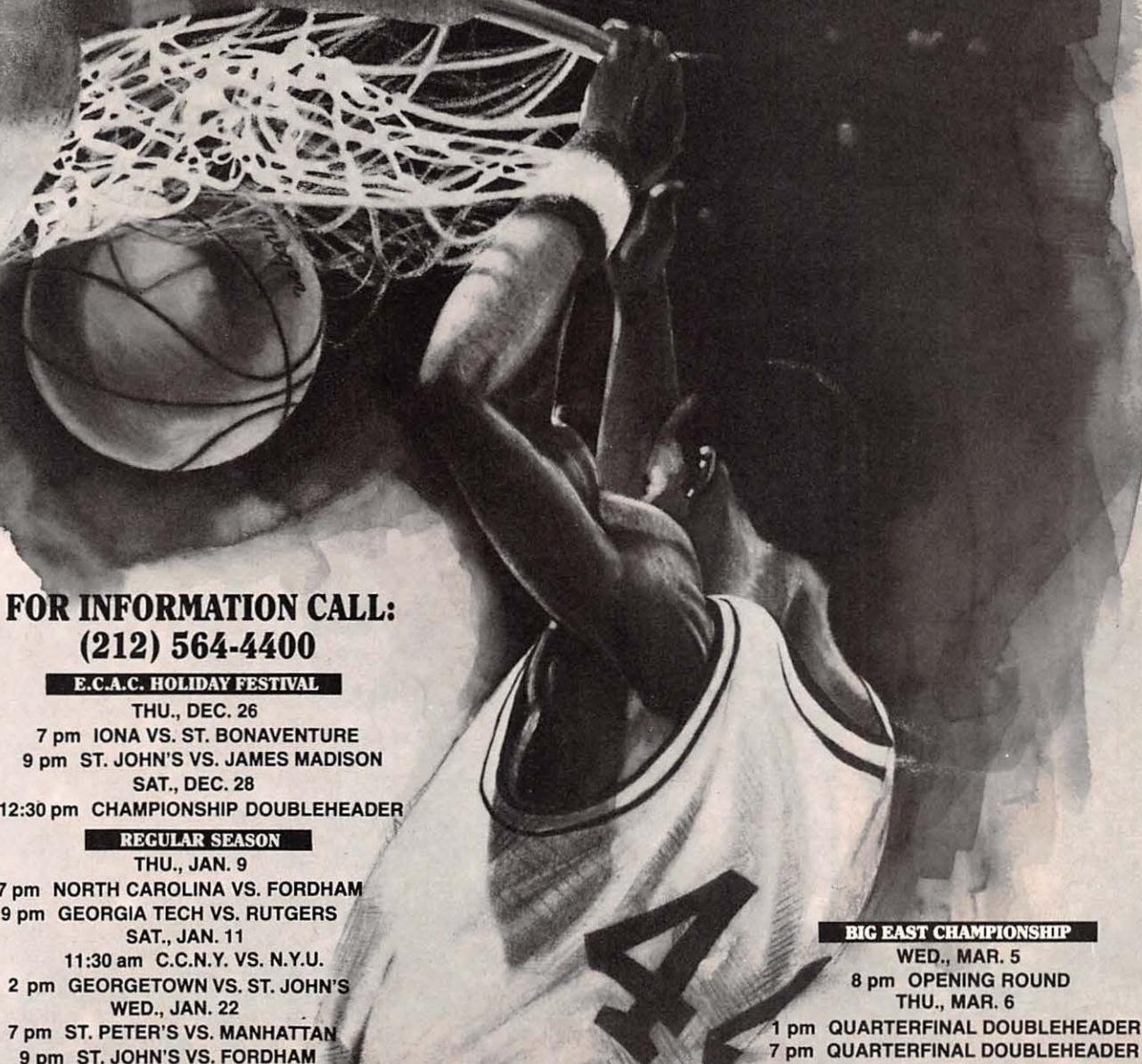
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rom

center field at
Plainsman Park, Bo
can see Jordan-
Hare Stadium. Soon
he will have to
choose baseball or
football. "When
I'm playing baseball
and the game is to
the point of
boredom, I think about
Saturday afternoon
at the football stadium,
backed up on
our goal line, and
somebody makes
a good block and I spring
it for a touchdown."



COLLEGE BASKETBALL 1985-86



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E.C.A.C. HOLIDAY FESTIVAL

THU., DEC. 26

7 pm IONA VS. ST. BONAVENTURE

9 pm ST. JOHN'S VS. JAMES MADISON

SAT., DEC. 28

12:30 pm CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLEHEADER

REGULAR SEASON

THU., JAN. 9

7 pm NORTH CAROLINA VS. FORDHAM

9 pm GEORGIA TECH VS. RUTGERS

SAT., JAN. 11

11:30 am C.C.N.Y. VS. N.Y.U.

2 pm GEORGETOWN VS. ST. JOHN'S

WED., JAN. 22

7 pm ST. PETER'S VS. MANHATTAN

9 pm ST. JOHN'S VS. FORDHAM

SAT., JAN. 25

1 pm HOLY CROSS VS. FAIRFIELD

3 pm IONA VS. FORDHAM

WED., FEB. 19

7 pm LA SALLE VS. ARMY

9 pm NOTRE DAME VS. MANHATTAN

WED., FEB. 26

7 pm F.D.U. VS. MARIST

9:30 pm SYRACUSE VS. ST. JOHN'S

BIG EAST CHAMPIONSHIP

WED., MAR. 5

8 pm OPENING ROUND

THU., MAR. 6

1 pm QUARTERFINAL DOUBLEHEADER

7 pm QUARTERFINAL DOUBLEHEADER

FRI., MAR. 7

7 pm SEMIFINAL DOUBLEHEADER

SAT., MAR. 8

7 pm CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

NATIONAL INVITATION TOURNAMENT

MON., MAR. 24

7 pm SEMIFINAL DOUBLEHEADER

WED., MAR. 26

7 pm CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLEHEADER



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TROUBLE IN RIVER CITY

by Calvin Fussman

What a bizarre evening this is. It is the opening night of the 1985-86 NHL season at the St. Louis Arena, and the visiting team's bench area has been cut in half by construction workers to make room for a row of choice spectator seats. The reduced space forces the New Jersey Devils' backup goalie to watch the game from an exit ramp.

The fans in the half-filled arena are watching miniature TVs and wearing earmuff radios, rooting for the Cardinals in the World Series. Hysterical cheering spouts forth at the most ludicrous moments—just before a face-off; while the Devils control the puck at center ice.

But the strangest thing of all is that less than 72 hours earlier the License Collector of the City of St. Louis threatened to cancel the game, lock the box office and arrest Blues owner Harry Ornest.

This is the same Harry who, when he bought the team in 1983, was pictured in a cartoon in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* on horseback, along with a knight in shining armor, waving a hockey stick. The same Harry who had prevented the selling of the club off to the Canadian tundra. The same Harry who had saved the St. Louis Blues.

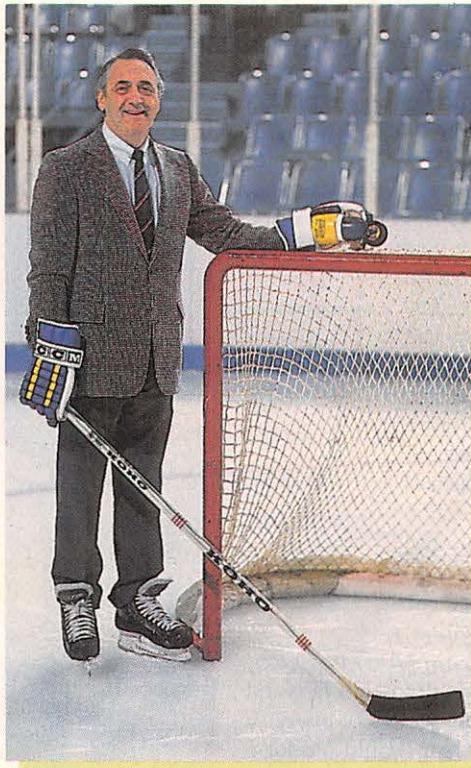
Departure of the team, it was estimated, would have resulted in a \$25-million loss to the community. Local businessmen were jubilant. Operating with lousy TV revenues and low ticket sales, Ornest cut the staff, cut the Blues' roster (at 29, it's now the league's lowest) and sold off or traded high-priced players.

He also put out a first-place team.

Yet, at the same time, Harry has jostled with Mayor Vincent Schoemehl, antagonized the most influential man in the local media, alienated local businessmen, and fought with players like 40-goal scorer Joey Mullen over contract disputes. Many who looked on Harry as a white knight now portray him as the fire-breathing dragon.

What a bizarre scene this is.

Understand that St. Louis is a city in the form of a small town. Somehow, everyone is connected. And it was a man with a network of connections—Sid Salomon Jr.—who brought the expansion Blues to St. Louis in 1967. Salomon was the chairman of the Demo-



**Harry Ornest
skated into
St. Louis and
saved the
Blues. He even
put out
a winner. So
why are
they saying
such terrible
things
about him?**

catic party's national fund-raising campaign. He had money, and he belonged to the right clubs.

At first, it was difficult to get a good seat. Everyone who wanted to be seen in a mink coat was at the Blues' games. The Blues led the NHL in attendance for three years in the early Seventies.

Eventually, though, the novelty began to fade. The rank-and-file could not support the Blues. Faced with debts, the Salomon family dealt away a major portion of the concession rights in exchange for a loan, then was forced to sell anyway. Ralston Purina, with corporate headquarters in St. Louis, bought the team.

Ralston went first class. GM Emile Francis built the club from the bottom up. At one point, there were 56 players under contract—over twice as many as would make it to the NHL. Under Francis' open-wallet policy (it wasn't his wallet), the Blues lost \$1.7 million in 6 years.

The team was put up for sale. Nobody in St. Louis wanted to buy. A group from Saskatchewan wanted the team, but the NHL board of governors refused to allow the club to move from a major market of three million to an area of roughly 160,000. The NHL vetoed the sale and took control of the team. Ralston Purina sued the league for \$60 million.

The NHL countersued. The team, somewhere between unconsciousness and death, did not draft in 1983.

What kind of person would bid for a team that could not be supported by a local millionaire with a wealth of connections or a company that does billions of dollars in business annually?

From Edmonton, Canada, via Beverly Hills, with quite a few stops in between, here comes Harry Ornест on his white horse.

His parents were outsiders, Polish immigrants. They could have been with their own kind had they settled in a New York ghetto, but Morris Ornест moved on to Edmonton. What must it have been like to speak only Yiddish in western Canada?

At age eight Harry took on a paper route. He built it into the largest in town. Harry watched the politicians fumble through their pockets on collection day and ask him to return next week. He learned not to be impressed by big shots.

Harry sold programs at the semipro league baseball stadium and swept the ice for the minor league hockey team. By the time he was in high school he was writing the programs and selling ads. He had kids working for him.

Harry's dream was to be a major league baseball player—he played minor league ball in Tacoma and Albany. He ended up a minor league hockey referee. Minneapolis, Omaha, Tulsa, Buffalo, Cleveland. Travel can be monotonous. But if you stay alert... Harry noticed vending machines in the arenas. They didn't have any back in Edmonton. So he brought candy bars to the arenas, bus depots and railroad stations in western Canada.

But a man like Harry cannot live on vending-machine revenues alone. In 1962 he sold his vending interests to bid on the

Joey Mullen
and company:
A sweet tune
on the ice,
singing the Blues
at the bank.



Vancouver minor league hockey team. Harry claims his bid was the highest. Politics, he says, interfered. Harry got angry and left Vancouver. He moved to Beverly Hills.

He invested in real estate, bought rights to sports events and sold them to television stations. He organized Teen-Age Fairs in western Canada. His wife, Ruth, opened an antique and interior design shop on Robertson Boulevard in Beverly Hills. Her clientele was diverse: from actress Eartha Kitt to members of the rock group Steppenwolf.

Harry bought into a TV station in Tucson with his friends Monty Hall and Danny Thomas. In 1977 he started a minor league baseball franchise in Vancouver. Ruth redesigned the stadium. Four years later he sold the team at triple his investment and tried to bid on the Seattle Mariners of the American League. That

fell through. Two years later, at the age of 60, he was reading the *Los Angeles Times* when he noticed a squib reporting Ralston Purina's intention to sell the Blues.

"Do you know what the American male at the age of 60 hopes for?" Ornест asks. "He hopes for good health and to be of independent means. He hopes his children have grown up healthy and are on their own. Now is the time to relax. I reversed this all by myself. After 22 years in Southern California, I moved to the Midwest to make a dream happen."

Here is a man who uses his first pacemaker as a desk paperweight. (He's on his third, by the way.) Here is a town that, for the most part, leaves work at 5 o'clock and goes home to relax. Here is a man who has hopscotched from job to job, city to city, in order to keep himself challenged. Here is a town where many people work for the same corporations and live in the same neighborhoods for much of their lives.

MOVE! MOVE! MOVE! LET'S GET IT DONE! NOW!

Relax. Relax. Relax. Let's sit down and talk it over.

With this clash of styles, how could there be anything but misunderstandings. St. Louisans use words like "pushy" to describe Ornест's business maneuverings. Ornест is quoted using words like "apathy" when the business community doesn't meet his expectations.

This disparity was overlooked at first, amid the flourish to save the team. It wasn't long ago that Mayor Schoemehl was signing a proclamation declaring Harry Ornест Appreciation Day.

But despite the slicing of the roster and staff and other economic measures, the team lost nearly \$500,000. Attendance at last year's playoffs was its lowest ever. Season-ticket sales this year are the lowest in years. Where are all those people who wanted me to save the Blues? Harry wondered. The prospect of bleeding a slow, financial death frightened him. Harry started to grab people by the lapels.

Ornest was generally pleased with the support extended by major corporations. But when a company failed to meet his expectations, a strident tone would surface. "You make hundreds of thousands of dollars from The Arena every year," he once told an executive of a utility company, "and you buy only four season tickets. A bar down the street buys six."

The Regional Commerce and Growth Association—the Chamber of Com-

merce—tried to attract interest with a ticket mailer. It drew a scant response. Ornест ripped the RCGA in the paper.

He started to make moves to ensure the financial stability of the team. He took the radio rights away from KMOX, which has the area's major market share, and sold the rights at a higher rate to KXOK. In the process, Ornест antagonized one of the city's political godfathers, KMOX general manager Robert Hyland.

Ornest has tried to undo the burdensome agreement with The Arena's concessionaire, stating that Sportservice has violated the contract by trying to raise prices and serving recooked hot dogs, soggy buns and freezer-burnt ice cream.

Suddenly, there were suits against the city, suits against a local concert promoter, suits against the people who sell hot dogs, suits against a local bar that illegally televised Blues home games. A business acquaintance recently greeted Harry before a game by saying, "Hello, Harry. Who are you suing today?"

Make a business decision in New York or Los Angeles that hurts someone and it's treated as such. That's business. Offend someone in business in St. Louis and it's a personal affront. Soon you've got an enemy, and his friends are your enemies. Soon you're ground through the gossip mill. People call you greedy. People who've never met your wife are saying she's a Beverly Hills snob who thinks St. Louisans are hillbillies.

"Everyone in the business community will tell you how screwed up the situation is," says a local businessman. "Everybody's assuming this guy is not long for St. Louis. Every upstanding businessman has been restraining himself from rolling in the mud with Ornест. But a barrage of attacks has been on the verge of happening for months."

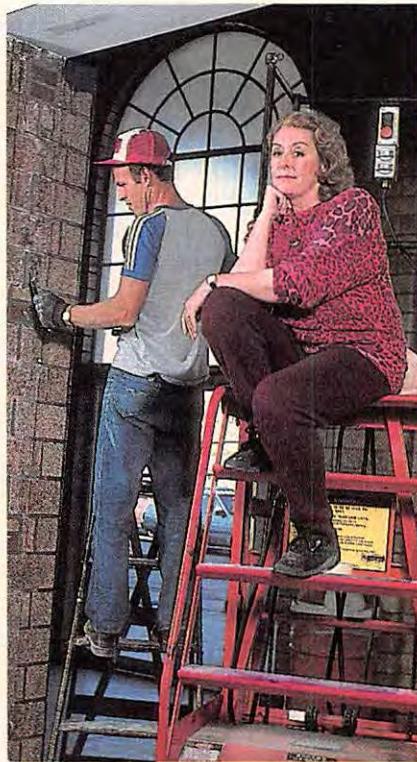
The first open bombing came two days before the home opener, when the city threatened to cancel the game because Ornест had not paid the five percent entertainment tax. Ornест contends that the tax is unconstitutional, as it affects only sports teams and not other forms of entertainment. The mayor, he says, also promised he would remove the burden. The matter will be decided in court.

The city claims it is owed roughly \$300,000 in back taxes. Peanuts. It's the gesture that speaks of the magnitude of the feud. At a time when Mayor Schoemehl is asking the NBA for a basketball franchise and extending proposals (including the removal of the entertainment

tax) to keep football Cardinals owner Bill Bidwill from moving to greener pastures, he is seen on television telling Ornест to go back to California.

"The Mayor is trying to kill the Blues because of a personal vendetta against me," Ornест says. "I don't understand this type of action by a man who begged me on bended knee to save the Blues. He's the one who made promises that he's never kept to support the team. Unlike the mayor, I pay my own way. Unlike the mayor, I fulfill my commitments. Unlike the mayor, I am not a freeloader."

"You can fight city hall," adds Ornест, "if you own a major league franchise." Maybe, but can you win? People involved



in skirmishes with Ornест started bonding. The concert promoter, in a dispute with Ornест, took his shows to Kiel Auditorium, which is owned by the city. The city awarded a contract to sell tickets to Kiel events to Bidwill's firm, rather than Ornест's. Ornест has chastised Bidwill in the papers for threatening to leave the city.

"Harry's trying to make this look like a fight between him and me," Schoemehl told the *Post-Dispatch*, "when it's actually a fight involving others. Just about anybody who does business with the guy is unhappy."

Ruth Ornест is dressed in white painter's pants, a black-and-white tank top spiced with sequins, a loose-fitting black jacket and Reebok running shoes. It's a

sporty look, but casual enough to pick up a paint brush if necessary.

"This is the biggest house I've ever done," she says. "The Arena was built in 1929. It's an Art Deco building."

She points to a brick column in front of the ticket windows. "They used to have cheap paneling over it. *Faux bois*, I call it. Fake wood. We stripped it off and now we're painting it a regal blue."

She motions to the floor. "Look at the terrazzo. Isn't it marvelous? There are many materials of different colors and textures to The Arena." She smiles.

Almost every area we pass shows signs of renovation. Ruth winds her way through The Arena Club, which she remodeled with Art Deco furniture, through the area that will house an art gallery to promote local talent, and into the space that will serve as the executive offices. She walks into the largest suite, which is splashed in sunlight.

"This will be Harry's office," she says.

With all this work being put into The Arena, one senses a devotion to permanence. Is that devotion real? Is St. Louis interested in supporting a hockey team? Is it willing to support an outsider? Other cities have expressed an interest in the Blues, and Ornест says, "I'm not Ralston Purina. When I bought this team

I made a commitment to myself: I will not go broke." But he adds quickly that "I like it in St. Louis. It's a great city. The team will remain in St. Louis...unless the mayor throws us out."

Harry brings a reporter into his temporary office. He doesn't know where to offer a seat. The chairs and couches are merely foundations for newspaper skyscrapers. *The New York Times*. *The Chicago Tribune*. *The Los Angeles Times*. Clippings, paperwork, phone messages, pocket schedules and posters are strewn about the room like confetti after a Broadway parade. Clothing hangs from a rack. Two socks lay on a chair.

The reporter starts to make note of the surroundings. Harry says, "Don't you dare write anything about this office."

Why would he say this? Obviously, it's messy. Worse, it looks *temporary*.

Harry would like to be seen in his permanent office. ★

Calvin Fussman is a freelance writer based in St. Louis.

UPWARD MOBILITY

Portland's Clyde Drexler needs creative freedom.

His boss, Jack Ramsay, needs control. They may have found the middle ground—and the NBA's next superstar.

The NCAA Midwest regional final, Houston versus Memphis State, March 25, 1983. Number 22 in Houston's red and white has just made a steal and, moving right from the left-hand side of the floor, commences taking it to the basket. He dribbles once or twice, seemingly oblivious to Memphis State's Andre Turner scurrying back beneath his own goal. "No, I saw him the whole time," Clyde Drexler explains almost three years later. "I just said to myself, 'I'm gonna dunk it on this guy no matter what.'"

Bravely, Turner, a 150-pound guard, makes his stand directly in Drexler's path, hoping to draw the offensive foul. He begins raising his sweat-banded arms to protect himself, wincing, his eyes half closed in anticipation of the contact. Drexler, 6-7, 210, plants his left foot and takes off from the vicinity of the foul line. Legs tucked, still rising, he approaches Turner and then simply transcends him, jumping clear over the defender and stuffing in an overhand righty jam. A caesura as Drexler hangs elbow-deep in the basket, then disengages and settles softly to the floor.

Same player, different dunk. Against Louisville this time, in that same year's national championship semifinal. "He triple-pumps, changes his mind two or three times while hanging in the air, and still throws it down with two hands," recounts teammate David Rose. "The greatest dunk ever." No, demurs *Sports Illustrated's* Curry Kirkpatrick, just "your basic play of the century."

The Drexler dunks—spontaneous, instantaneous, yet they have a conversa-

tional half-life of forever, still glowing softly under a pile of time.

But what of their creator? What ever happened to Clyde Drexler? Did his game dissolve, like so many college dunkers', at the professional level? Is he deceased as a player?

"I don't know," says a general manager in the NBA's Eastern Conference. "Portland took him in the first round two years back, they had a lot of problems with him at first, and now they're really high on him. But that's all I can tell you; we never see Portland. Really, the whole Western Conference is like a mirage."

The reality: Drexler averaged 17.2 points per game in 32 minutes last season, his second, and had more rebounds than any guard in the league except Michael Jordan (Drexler had the exact same number, 476, as Magic Johnson). And Drexler did out-rebound Jordan on a per-minute basis.

His 217 offensive rebounds, first among guards, led Portland, and would have led 10 other NBA teams. Only Jordan and Reggie Theus had more assists than Drexler (441) among the NBA's off-guards and he had fewer turnovers per minute than both.

There were only five players in the league last year who amassed over 1,300 points, over 400 rebounds and more than 400 assists: Larry Bird, Magic Johnson, Michael Jordan, Micheal Ray Richardson and Clyde Drexler.

"Give him to me, and I'll make him an all-star," said Larry Bird in Drexler's first season. Then, after he and Clyde

traded fourth-quarter improbables last year, Bird changed his mind. "Forget it," he said. "He doesn't need me. He's going to do it on his own."

What is this game that runs through my mind?" asks Trail Blazers coach Jack Ramsay in his book, *The Coach's Art*. Balancing motionless on one foot, the other leg bent back behind him in one of his pet stretching exercises, his gaze is concentrated but distant. The years of Nautilus, bicycling and vegetarianism have slendered him, diminishing rather than enhancing his physicality. Like a benign Professor Moriarity, his body is dominated by the Ramsay head, its bald dome, jutting nose and bushy, sand-colored eyebrows. He looks very much the theoretician, the basketball philosopher known as Dr. Jack.

Ramsay is 60, Clyde Drexler, 23. Though there is genuine respect and affection at bottom, the differences in their ages and in their approaches to the game—Ramsay's cerebral and complex, Drexler's more physical and instinctive—have made the history of their relationship an uneasy one. Ramsay appreciated Clyde's talent and made adjustments for its expression, but Drexler rebelled against any and all restrictions.

Drexler felt that Houston had prepared him well for the NBA, citing the Cougars' running style and coach Guy Lewis' notoriously physical practices. But Ramsay was quick to perceive and to point out holes in his game; defense, judgment, outside shooting. Worse, Drexler came from a program that gave him "complete freedom, on and off the court," in the

by John Capouya

words of David Rose, to an organization that valued decorum, and a coach that emphasized discipline and control. "Give or take an Archie Clark or a Billy Ray Bates," says a Ramsay watcher who goes back to the St. Joseph's days, "Drexler was the wildest player Jack had ever been associated with."

"Off the court, I really love Jack," says Drexler. "On the court, I like him. But sometimes it seems like he's been holding me back so much, that he's resisted everything I've accomplished, fighting me every step of the way."

"We've had our moments," he says, shaking his head ruefully. "We've kept it pretty low key, but we have had our moments."

The decision to leave school after his junior season was easy. "We had been to the Final Four two years in a row and had failed both times," says Drexler, "so let me get on with it." But the transition to the pros was traumatic. "I've said it before, and it's still true: That first year was the worst year of my life."

First, he missed training camp and all but one exhibition game while his contract was worked out. "Definitely a bad move," he says today. "Any rookie who came into Jack's system that way would be totally lost. And that's what I was."

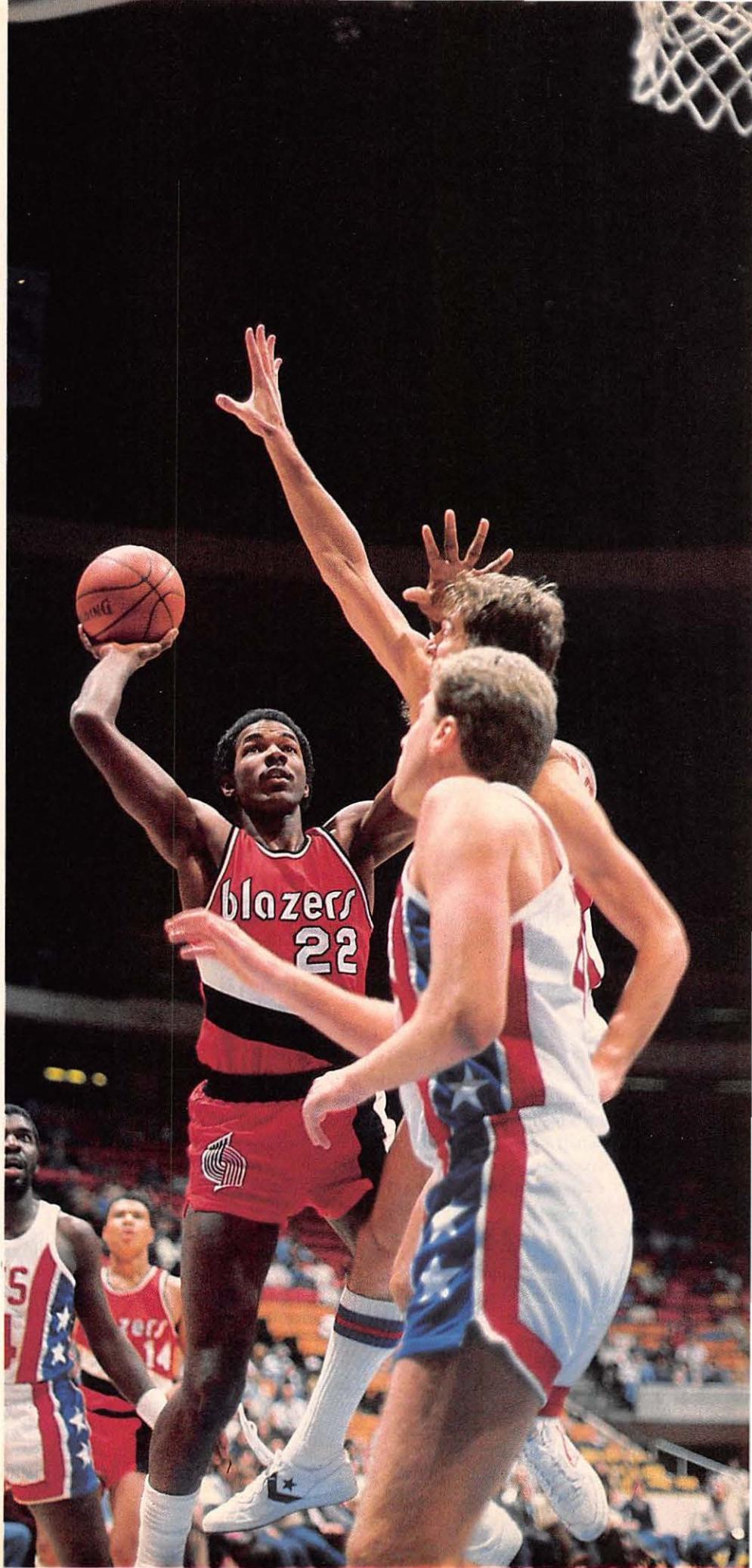
Another impasse was quickly reached. Clyde still thought he should play, while Ramsay, who had Jim Paxson and Calvin Natt at the big guard and small forward spots, thought that work would be more appropriate. Drexler took his displeasure to the newspapers, demanding to be traded, declaring, "No one here has a better total game than I have."

Says Ramsay, "I know that Clyde was disappointed that he wasn't playing more. But I feel that quality will always win out. When you're good enough, you'll make your own space."

When Drexler did get a turn, he flashed compelling athletic ability. With his prototype basketball body—long arms, big, soft hands, supple but strong, with discreet bulges of muscle at the biceps and thighs—he made impossible plays routinely and rendered ordinary ones spectacular. Assistant coach Buckwalter was stunned by "Clyde's acceleration, his first two steps. They're as good as any I've ever seen."

And he surprised with the breadth of

Drexler
takes off.
Can he reach
the Birds?



his skills. "I knew that he could run and jump," says Ramsay, "but I didn't know that he would be able to make plays with the ball to the level that he does."

Drexler looks casual, even careless in the open court; his eyes are down and he seems to slap at the ball. "But make no mistake," says Red Auerbach, "Drexler is excellent on the break. He reads it well, dishes off well and he can always take off from the foul line and dunk it on you."

Drexler continued to play sparingly until Jim Paxson suffered a hand injury midway through last season. Clyde moved to the off-guard full time, exploiting his rebounding advantage against smaller defenders, no longer posted-up by 235-pounders. Ramsay began calling Clyde's number in crucial situations, profiting from his ability to create a shot or penetration on his own. The Blazers closed out 22-12 with Drexler starting the last 26 games, averaging 19 points, 7.3 rebounds and 7.7 assists in that span.

"I think Clyde was the most improved player in our league last year," says Otis Birdsong of the Nets. "He seemed more confident, and he was hitting the jumper more consistently."

Before this current season, Drexler and Ramsay clashed again, when the coach told the press that only two Blazers, Bowie and Vandeweghe, were assured of starting positions. "I couldn't believe it," says an incredulous Clyde. "I mean, they held me back last year and I still had great stats. Then they re-did my contract over the summer, and I thought everything was pretty much in order. And then I'm supposed to be fighting for a starting job again!"

After the second exhibition game the coach capitulated, sending Paxson, a two-time all-star, a \$1-million-a-year player considered to be, in the NBA parlance, "Ramsay's main, main guy," to the bench. For his part, Paxson maintained that he could accept a non-starting role. Was Ramsay's decision influenced by Drexler's inability to do the same? A pause. "That was a part of it."

Drexler's and Paxson's styles are distinctly opposite, starting with Paxson's vaunted movement without the ball and Drexler's romantic attachment to it. Drexler is the supreme black athlete, Paxson the limited but determined white player, a canny YMCA stalwart raised to the highest exponent. Paxson makes fewer mistakes and does a few things extremely well; but Drexler, though more erratic, is bigger, faster, stronger, plays



Ramsay
sees the
future, and it
is Drexler.

more than one position and can simply do more things to affect the outcome of a game. A flawed Drexler, it seems, is better than a perfect Paxson.

"I think everything's going that way, toward the Jordans and the Drexlers," says new Seattle head coach Bernie Bickerstaff. "They can pass, handle the ball and still play above the rim."

"The spectacular things they do also raise the level of enthusiasm on your team," he points out. "And you need that when you're playing 82 games."

"They can do more on defense," says Golden State's John Bach. "Clyde is like a Ronnie Lott in football—all over the court, blocking shots from behind. And defenses have yet to catch up with the trapeze-artist swing men like Clyde."

From the outside, the Portland Memorial Coliseum, its dome hidden within a four-story cube of glass and silver metal, looks like another office building, one that inexplicably has a gym right in the middle where the Xerox machine should be. And, like any other business facility, the Coliseum is concerned about saving energy. In fact, it's so cold inside during this morning's practice that you can see your thoughts.

After stretching and a few warm-up drills, the heavily sweat-suited "big people"—centers and power forwards—form a line underneath one basket, while the "Wing Men"—small forwards and guards—congregate between the top of the key and the midcourt line, off to the righthand

side. At the signal, a big man shoots a layup, pulls the ball out of the net, steps back behind the baseline as if to inbound, and hurls. A wing man, shadowed by an ersatz defender, has already taken off, meeting the baseball pass at three-quarter court and going on for the layup.

First, young Sam Bowie, a 7-1 giraffe, takes careful aim and, relievedly, connects. Then 6-10 Mychal Thompson chucks it jovially toward a churning Paxson. "Can't overthrow you, Pax," he yells, and is proven correct. Next, the dour and forbidding Kenny Carr steps in and fires on an effortless line, hitting Steve Colter—a streak with or without the ball—right in the hands. Still scowling, still looking askance at life, Carr goes to the end of the line.

This little maneuver is something that the Celtics, especially Larry Bird, do well, but it is a Lakers trademark. They call it "going over the top."

How did this fast-break extremism find its way into the practices of Jack Ramsay, whose patterned Blazers offense has always been one of the most disciplined in the league?

Think back to the Buffalo Braves, leading the league in scoring, with Bob McAdoo averaging over 30 points a game. "Jack's always been flexible, adaptable," says a player agent with 20 years' NBA experience. "He's not one of these Arthur Murray coaches; you know, the kind who wants everyone to follow the little painted footsteps on the floor? If he was, Drexler couldn't play for him."

"Personnel is the most significant factor," Ramsay affirms. "This is a team that plays best in an open-court game."

"We also found," says Buckwalter, "that to grind out predictable half-court plays every night puts tremendous pressure on you to shoot a high percentage and execute perfectly."

"And the incredible athletic ability and attacking instincts of the players coming out of college are not meant to be suppressed in a half-court game," says Lakers coach Pat Riley. "We've made a commitment to running for 48 minutes, and we have the best half-court player in the world."

"The running game is the reason we drafted Sam Bowie," says Buckwalter. "The trade for Kiki Vandeweghe last year was a big part of it, and, of course, the running game is Clyde's game."

"Nothing has been changed for Clyde per se," says GM Stu Inman; the emergence of Bowie will determine the Blazers' future. But Clyde knows the

team has been made over to his advantage, if not in his image, and starting has restored his phenomenal confidence.

"I figure if I play 35 minutes a game," he says, "I'll come close to averaging a triple-double [double figures in points, rebounds and assists]. And I would really like to make the All-Star team one year. If I'm playing healthy, they're within my reach."

You can't have everything; as comedian Steven Wright asks, "Where would you put it?" As formidable a player as Drexler has become, Ramsay still expects—and Clyde still needs—improvements in his game. While Mychal Thompson proclaims, "Clyde is Michael Jordan without the publicity," another teammate replies, "Clyde is Michael Jordan without the training in the fundamentals."

Defensively, Drexler is reactive rather than preemptive, as well as sporadic. "He can be a real tiger when the game is down to the nub," says Ramsay, "but I'd like to see him defend that way from the start."

Offensively, most of his problems come in the slower structure of the half court, but "there's still room for improvement in his decision-making on the run," Ramsay says. "I'd like to see him with a four-to-one assists-to-turnovers ratio [two-to-one last year]."

Practice is another sore point. "I'm a game player," Drexler says. "Why do we have to spend so much time standing around talking?"

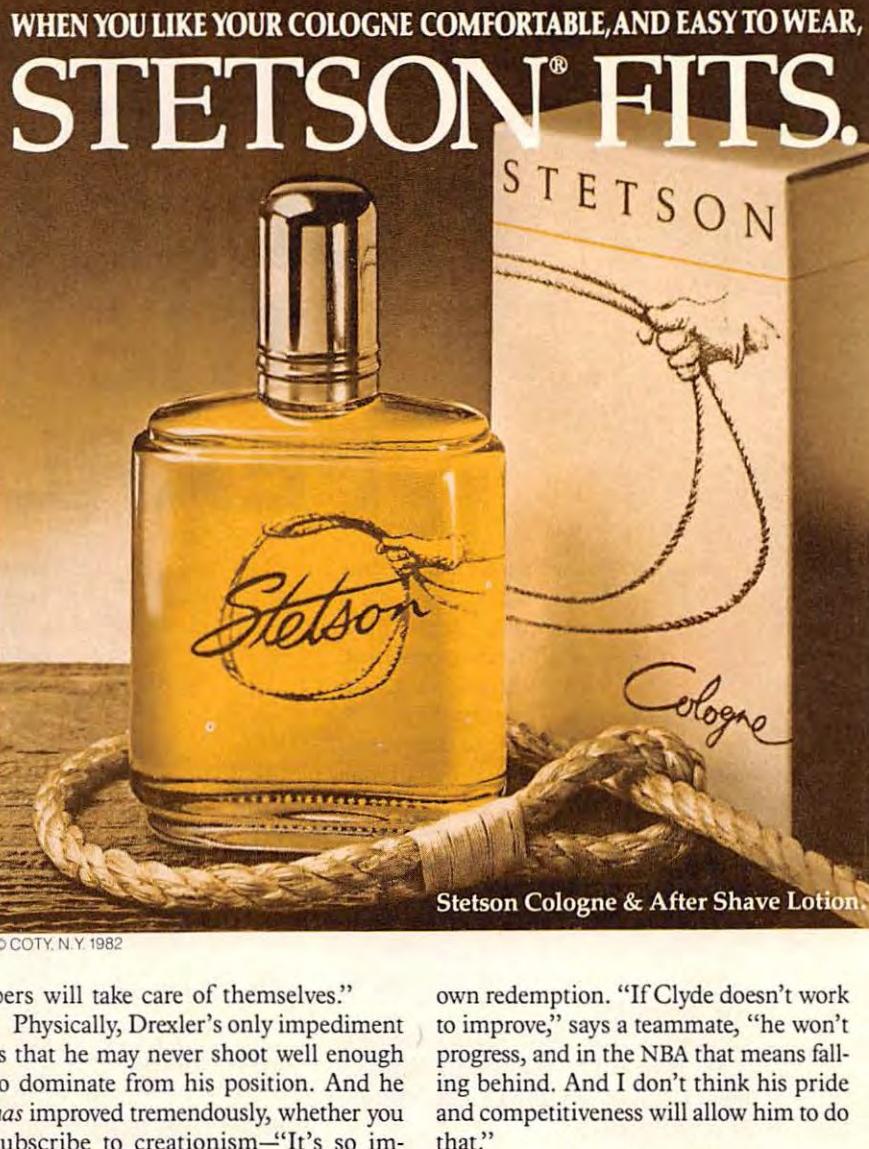
For the moment (and for the record), Drexler is not buying what his critics are selling. He responds to them with an avalanche of denials and rationalizations that have led Mychal Thompson to dub him the Shell Answer Man. "If I'm not making superhuman plays on defense," Clyde says indignantly, "I'm taking naps."

What of the off-balance, low-trajectory jumpers he squeezes off on the way down? "I'm looking for the cutters. If I just made up my mind to shoot no matter what, I'd hit 60 percent."

Drexler is straining to break out, to establish his identity as a player, a starter, an all-star. But so many of these adjustments require doing less, waiting more; can he emerge and recede at the same time? And if so, can he then take his game—and his intensity—to the next level, that of a Magic Johnson or a Larry Bird?

"He does have the ability to be in Earvin's class," says Pat Riley. "He just has to go about his work now, and the num-

bers will take care of themselves."



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bers will take care of themselves." own redemption. "If Clyde doesn't work to improve," says a teammate, "he won't progress, and in the NBA that means falling behind. And I don't think his pride and competitiveness will allow him to do that."

"Successful people tend to be inner directed," says psychologist Bruce Ogilvie, who tests all Portland conscripts. "It takes time to accept external input or authority. And Clyde is very young in terms of his potential."

"I was very impressed with Clyde," he remembers. "He feels his body will answer whatever he asks of it. He sets extraordinary goals for himself and the team—winning is branded on the left hemisphere of his brain. I told Stu and Jack, 'This young man has the classic psychological profile of an NBA superstar.'"

"It's gonna happen," says Drexler. "You can see it."

The Blazers see it, too—the convergence of Ramsay's thinking and Drexler's playing complete; the level of Clyde's game rising to meet his ultimate potential. Perhaps his publicity will finally catch up with his production. It should all come together, when Clyde decides. ★

THE RIDDLE OF THE PEARL

Look at that," said Eddie Moss, with not a little wonderment, as the Syracuse University basketball team worked out in the varsity weight room. The team's graduate assistant and former point guard motioned toward a mat near his feet. On the mat labored Moss' successor—a slope-shouldered, thick-middled, heavy-thighed young man grinding out optional bent-leg sit-ups. The body seemed designed for a fullback, perhaps a third baseman. There was little to suggest that here lay sweating the most electric force in college basketball.

"Look at that," said Moss, now grinning down at Dwayne (Pearl) Washington. "He never would have done that his first two years."

It was the second day of October at Manley Field House—two weeks before the first formal practice, eight weeks before the first game, a fair millennium between Washington and the action he craves. He flashed Moss a game smile, but it was obvious that this gray mat was not the Pearl's oyster. He'd always been a notoriously indifferent practice player. And now here was the Pearl, doing extra sit-ups and solemnly declaring, "Practice makes perfect.... What you do in practice helps dictate what you do in a game."

Strange that Washington was spouting these homilies between a slice of pizza and a hot turkey sub (extra mayo), which he cheerfully wolfed down just 30 minutes before said workout. But at 6-2, 203 pounds, he was in his best preseason shape in memory, even though he was still about 10 pounds over his playing weight.

"This year I've got to be more of a role model," he said. "There's other guys coming in and you have to guide them,

■
Is Dwayne
Washington
the real
thing or an
imitation?
■
Syracuse and
the world
will be looking
to find out.
■
by
Jeff Coplon

show them the right way. It's definitely important to set that example."

It turns out that Dwayne Washington bears little outward resemblance to his on-court persona, the always flamboyant and sometimes frenetic Pearl. His voice is low but expressive, his manner unassuming, his eyes direct. He is unfailingly dignified.

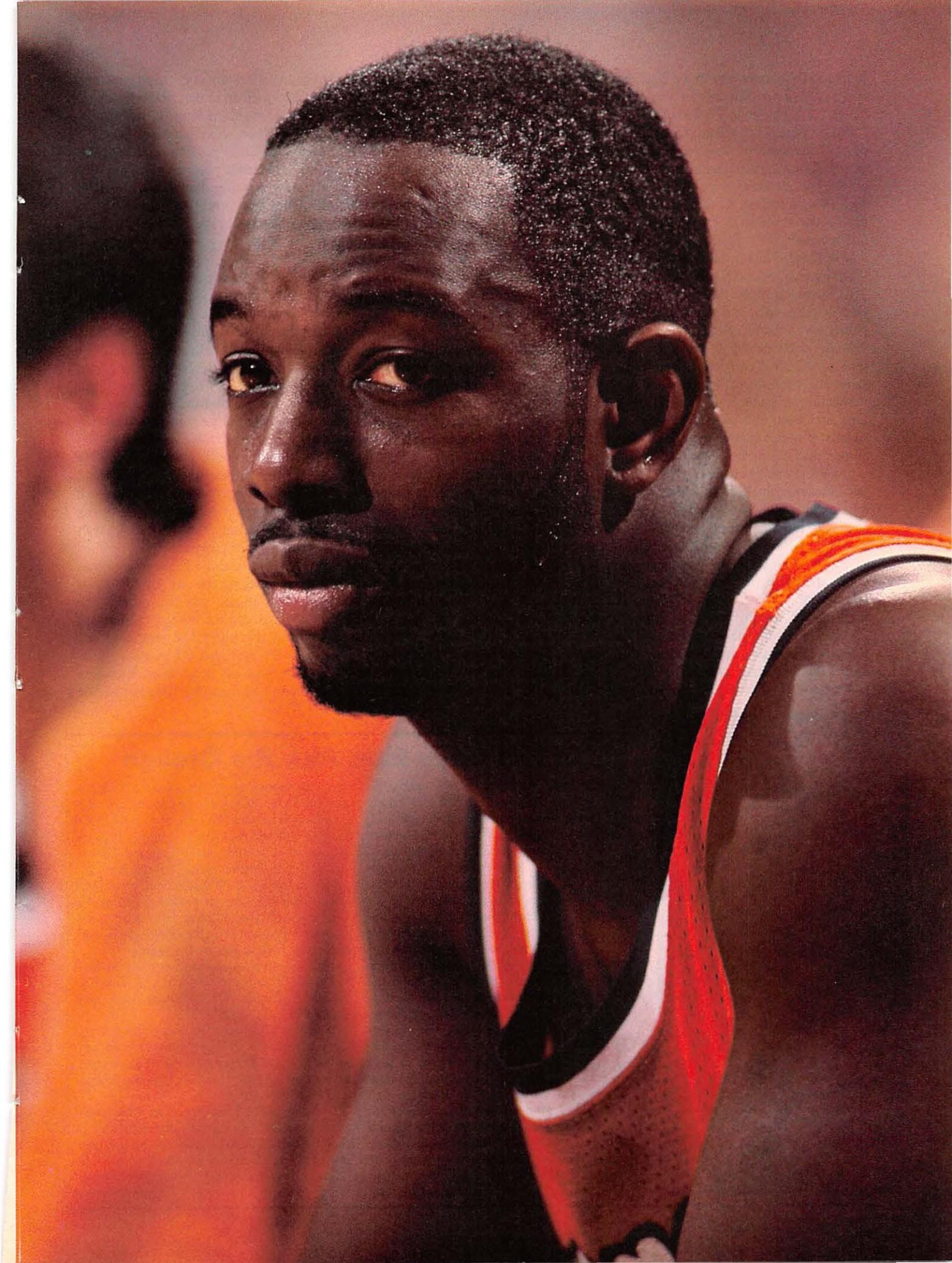
His greatest hope, he says, is to be perceived as "a person who cared for other people, who looked at himself as no better than any other person." And visually, he has worked to further that impression. The bizarre sideburns of a year ago are out, replaced by a grizzle of a beard; the gold PEARL necklace has given way to a simpler model with his number, 31.

But Washington is learning that blending into the crowd can have its pitfalls. "What's 31?" asked the counterboy at this pizza joint just a lob-pass off campus.

"My jersey, man," said Pearl, righteously aggrieved. "It's my *jersey*."

Petty slights aside, Washington seems about as serious as a person can get at the age of 21. He knows this is a watershed season—his money year, say the cynics who have predicted he would jump to the pros since his senior year in high school. The time is ripe. With four starters returning from last year's 22-9 club, Syracuse is a legitimate Final Four contender—experienced, deep, talented and tall, with potential first-round NBA picks at four positions.

But to make it all come true—the team success, the personal glory and riches—Washington must raise his game. It is no small task. His sophomore stats—15.4 points and 6 assists per game—were on a par with his freshman figures, and matched by few underclassmen. Against the toughest opponents (Georgetown, St.



John's and Villanova, and in the Big East and NCAA Tournaments), he was even better: 17.7 points and 6.5 assists.

But the critical consensus found Pearl's play inconsistent, his conditioning sub-standard, his court leadership erratic, his off-the-ball defense sloppy. The New York *Daily News*, noting that he coughed up the ball more than 4 times a game, dubbed him "The Turnover." The verdict was sealed late in the season, when Washington overpenetrated to the tune of 7 turnovers in a 27-point debacle at Georgetown, than faded away with 7 points and 6 turnovers against Georgia Tech in the NCAAs. For almost the first time in his life, Pearl had played a big game and been found wanting.

Washington wound up on the all-Big East first team and several all-America squads. But as a charter member of the all-potential team, he had an off year.

"Nothing's really changed with Pearl," said Howie Garfinkle, who oversaw Washington at his Five-Star Camp three years ago. "He has marvelous potential, but should be twice the player he is. On a given night you're going to see a perfect effort, and Syracuse is going to bury the other team. But he comes to play one night out of two or three."

"He's good, but he's not the kind of guy you rely on for a night-in, night-out assault on a national championship."

This season, Syracuse may have to.

And with the Orangemen ready to unseat Georgetown as the power of the Big East, with Washington an upperclassman and the pros now watching him for real, with Orangemania about to reach a shrieking peak, there's simply no room for a measured perspective.

"There are two schools of thought on Pearl upstate," said one maverick Syracuse media type. "One is that he's the greatest thing who ever hit the Northeast. The second is that he's a fat slob who's wildly overrated."

A tough fellow to figure, this Pearl.

The first thing you should know about Dwayne Washington is that he had to be prodded to pick up a basketball in the first place. At the age of six Dwayne loved to watch, but played only at his brother Beaver's behest: "He'd beat me up if I didn't."

With Dwayne's father, George, retired early with arthritis, the family scraped by in the Seth Low federal housing project in the East New York section of Brooklyn. But it was across the street on the asphalt courts where the youngest Washington made himself a neighborhood legend by the time he was eight. He could dribble the ball through or around anyone, beating players twice his age, smiling all the way. It was a little bit humiliating, this awesome midget of a point guard, and one rival finally pro-

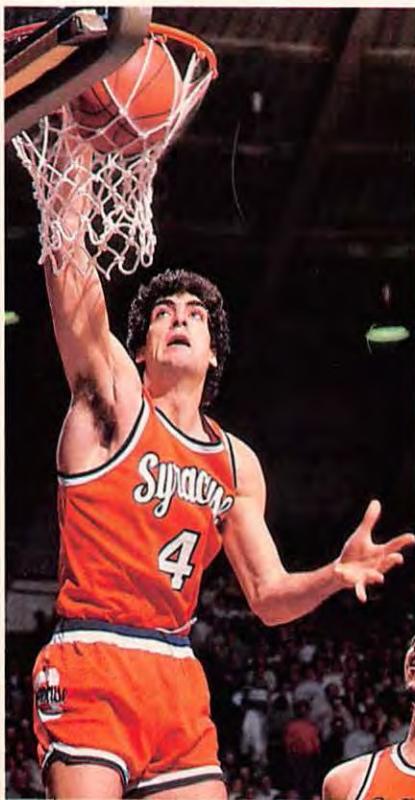
tested—"Who do you think you are, Pearl?"—with an understood reference to Earl Monroe of the Knicks, the reigning blacktop hero. A nickname was born.

Like the Philly-bred Monroe, Washington was a classic playground player. His style was his own, but its roots were of his borough—a flurry of shoulders and hips, of feints and spins, of carnival drives to the hoop.

"Pearl's got a straight-up Brooklyn handle," explained ex-Villanova guard Gary McLain, who considers Washington the toughest man—"without a doubt"—that he's ever defended. "Guys from Brooklyn like to shake a person, and he's got a lot of shake moves. The things that he does look flashy to other people, but they're just natural to him."

Doing what came naturally, Washington sailed through three years at Boys and Girls High in Bedford Stuyvesant. "He wasn't the hardest worker in practice," coach Paul Brown conceded. "He had such great ability that he didn't have to work hard to be better than the next player."

Pearl's senior team went 22-3, reached the city semifinals and rolled over lesser opponents along the way. By his senior year, Washington was full grown—the classic man against boys, a 6-2 forward who ran the break and shattered any press. He averaged 35 points, 10 rebounds, 8 assists and 4 steals, but often seemed to be coasting. "He got a little



If This Guy's Ripe, Pick the Orange

If Syracuse is going to seriously contend for the national championship, the playmaking of the Pearl and the jump shooting of Rafael Addison won't be enough. What the Orangemen

must hope for is that their rugged but inexperienced 6-10 sophomore center, Rony Seikaly, measures up to expectations.

Rony Seikaly: A great athlete and 6-10, but it's all Greek to him.

If you listen to Syracuse observers, Big East coaches and pro scouts, the verdict is unanimous—namely, that Seikaly is already pretty good and if he works hard can be *really* good, as in a first-round NBA draft choice.

Seikaly, who was born in Beirut, Lebanon, and later moved to Athens, didn't begin to play serious basketball until the summer after his junior year in high school. It was then that he heard about a summer basketball camp

in Syracuse run by coach Jim Boeheim. Seikaly went, the coaches saw him and a year later he was the starting center for the Orangemen.

The numbers for his freshman season were

certainly respectable—8 points and 6.4 rebounds a game, 59 blocked shots and a team-high 54.3 shooting percentage. But make no mistake about it, Seikaly is still raw. And it is mostly because he doesn't fully understand the game yet.

"He's an interesting player," says Boston College head coach Gary Williams. "On his athletic ability alone he's a great prospect. He's still a little eager, and you can pump fake him, but he's such a great athlete that he can get faked and still come back at you on the same play."

"Offensively, he's not as fluid as you'd like him to be, and he fouls a lot," says Marty Blake, the NBA's chief scout. "But he's aggressive, he's smart and he can run."

If Seikaly fouls out of as many games as he did last year (11), all Final Four talk is out the window. But if Seikaly is around to block shots and trigger the potent Syracuse fast break, things could get very interesting....

"I know I'm a long way from what great players are," Seikaly says. "I have to stay out of foul trouble and learn to pass from the high post and low post. There's a lot I have to do."

And for Syracuse fans, only a little time in which to do it.

—Charles Paikert

complacent, he wasn't in the best of shape," Brown said.

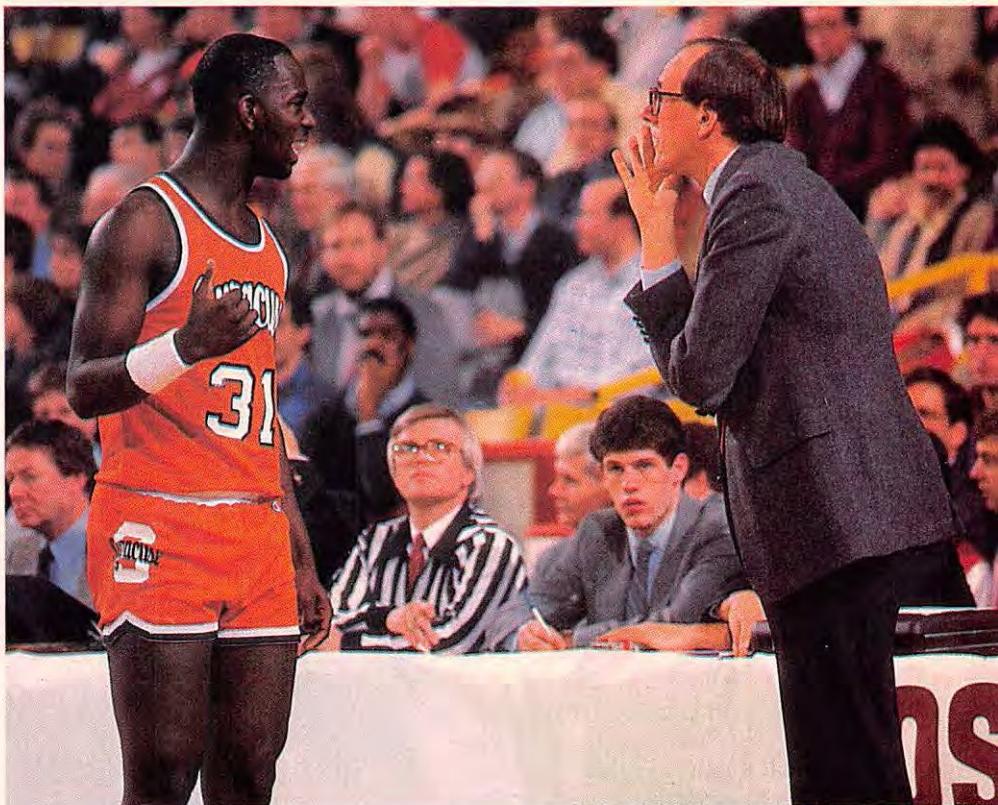
The pattern was established early: If Pearl could skate along on his gifts, if he could beat his man to the hoop while moving at three-quarter speed, he'd run no faster. But give him a challenge, a goal he'd have to stretch for, and he'd respond. In both the McDonald's and Dapper Dan all-star tilts, playing against the best in the country, Washington was named MVP. His highest moment of all came as a junior, when Boys and Girls High traveled to Camden High School to play the top-ranked team in the country with the nation's top schoolboy player—Billy Thompson, later of Louisville fame.

Boys and Girls stayed close from the start, but lost its center and a forward to fouls early in the second half. Washington was now Brown's tallest player, and he pleaded for a chance to guard the 6-8 Thompson. What ensued was arguably the greatest game ever played by a high school player. Washington shut Thompson down and scored 39 points. His team won by 7, but the numbers merely frame the portrait.

"It was a phenomenal performance," said Philadelphia basketball maven Sonny Hill, who was there. "Pearl responded like only the best in the business can. He controlled the whole game—made all the key baskets and all the key passes, got all the big rebounds. The only way I can explain it is that he reminded me of The Great One—Oscar Robertson."

In Washington's freshman year at Syracuse, there was ample incentive. Working with a young team that exceeded expectations, Pearl's entire season seemed charmed. By the time he beat Boston College with a 45-footer at the buzzer, all the preseason hype had been justified. But that was a mere prelude to the 1984 Big East Tournament, which Washington treated as Camden High revisited. Spurred on by an SRO crowd at Madison Square Garden, he flayed Villanova in the semis with a series of crazy-legged drives, grinning after each improbable foray, then sank them with the reliable 12-foot jumper he'd unveiled that year. In the finals, Georgetown decided to challenge Pearl with Gene Smith, their fabled

The driven
upstate
coach and
easy
Brooklyn
natural,
united in
the mission
of their
lives.



defensive specialist. It was a big mistake.

"When Gene Smith jumped in his jock and tried to play him, Pearl turned him around six times and screwed him into the floor," said Virginia coach Terry Holland.

Although Syracuse lost to the soon-to-be national champions in overtime, Pearl was proclaimed a certified miracle man. He'd played a full-blast, full-court 82 minutes in the two games, against two of the best defenses in the country. His totals: 57 points on 63 percent shooting, 15 assists, 9 rebounds, 5 steals.

"He played the game as well as a point guard can play," Syracuse coach Jim Boeheim said. "He set a standard that's hard to live up to."

More to the point, Washington left people expecting showtime each time out. It would not be enough for him to be efficient. If he wasn't spectacular, if he didn't show the fans something they hadn't seen before, many felt cheated: The Pearl hadn't put out.

Which brings us to last season. Although the statistics are again in Washington's favor—he averaged only 11 field-goal attempts per game in both his freshman and sophomore seasons—they can't erase the indelible impression that Pearl forced more than a few one-on-threes down the stretch. Sometimes he seemed trapped in a private game of horse, making huge moves that led nowhere. He seemed consumed, in the

view of former Syracuse star Erich Santifer, by "a sense of isolation—sometimes in crucial situations." Pearl had lost touch with his teammates because he'd lost touch with his own game.

"For a while you'd know what he was doing, and then all of a sudden you didn't know where he was on the court," said Sonny Spera, a reserve SU guard who graduated last spring. "You didn't know whether he would hit you in the open spot or not, and it was, 'What's he doing?' and just go to the boards."

What was the problem? If he seemed self-absorbed in games where the Orangemen played poorly, perhaps it was a leader's reflexive effort to carry his team, to do *too much*.

To be fair, Pearl's worst detractors stop short of calling him selfish. Even in high school, for all his brimming gifts, he was easy to coach, eager for instruction. He was a *fancy* team player, but a team player nonetheless.

"Dwayne came in as a sophomore and was good enough to start, but we have a tradition here and thought he'd pay some dues coming off the bench," Brown recalled. "After about six or seven games he was averaging 18 points and I said, 'Dwayne, I'm gonna start you.' And he said, 'No, Coach, the team's doing well. Let's keep it the way it is.'

"He didn't have a swelled head. He just wanted to blend in."

At Syracuse, Washington kept confounding the stereotype of the spoiled

street player. "Dwayne is a very mature basketball player," Boeheim said. "He's way ahead of other people in how he plays the game, always has been."

And to hear the other Orangemen, success hasn't spoiled him. "He fits in well, he doesn't feel he's above the players here," added forward Wendell Alexis. "He's just another piece in the puzzle, though probably a bigger piece."

Some wondered whether Washington's problems might lay with Boeheim himself. For all of the coach's success, the nine straight postseason appearances, the 74 percent winning percentage, there persisted the nagging sense that something was missing. His teams were always colorful and well drilled, but they could never get past the second round of the NCAAs. Worse, they often seemed uninspired by tournament time—as if the players weren't enjoying themselves.

"The whole team seemed to be playing at half speed," an Atlanta writer said after the Syracuse tournament letdown at the Omni last year. "They didn't warm to it at all. I thought, if this was my team, I'd kill 'em all."

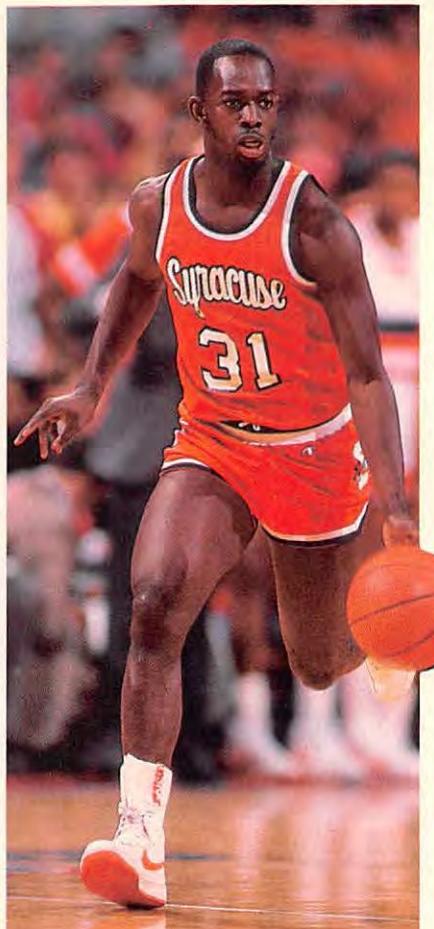
To the critics, the fault lay in Boeheim's personal style. He was undisputedly fair, ethical, concerned...and unapproachable. He was the neon coach—bright and colorful on the bench, but ultimately cool off the court. It was as if he spilled so much of himself on the floor that he needed to conserve the rest away from basketball.

"I think emotion is an overrated factor," he said. "The team that executes, that works hard, will win. Jumping around doesn't win anything."

"I'm an emotional player—that makes it fun for me, but that wasn't part of the program," said Erich Santifer, whose SU career was especially stormy. To the coaching staff, Santifer was an underachiever—the greatest athlete the program ever had, but one who never pushed himself and played too much to the crowd. To Santifer, *all* his pushing had to come from within, by default.

Boeheim is not insensitive to the charge. "When you first start out, you're very careful, you need to be a little bit away from the players," he explained. "But I think I got a little too far. I think I've come back in the last three or four years....I'm much better with the players than I was in the beginning."

And what of the Pearl, a player who has always needed external motivation to perform at his best? While he was close



to his high school coach, he says Boeheim's reserve doesn't throw him. "Down inside, he's a very nice person....If I was a coach, I'd probably do the same thing."

It's difficult to pinpoint when Washington started slipping in the public's eye. It might have been at the 1984 NCAA loss against Virginia, when Terry Holland profited from Gene Smith's example and shelved his pressure defense. Or at the Olympic trials that summer, when Washington showed up out of shape and was banished with the first cut. Or perhaps the revisionism began that fall, when he missed two weeks of practice with an ankle injury and started his sophomore season slowly.

There would also be a groin pull and a long bout with tendinitis in his knee, but even a healthy Washington would have been hard-pressed to match his reputation last year. Gene Waldron, his ball-handling stopgap, had graduated. So Pearl had to bring the ball up on almost every possession, with little if any help, for a draining 34 minutes a game. Freshman center Rony Seikaly was foul prone, so Syracuse couldn't press as much. Freshman guard Michael Brown had trouble running the break, and a vague backcourt defense created little in transition. The team averaged only 73 points, lowest ever

for a Boeheim squad. For Washington, it all meant fewer open-court opportunities, fewer easy shots (his field-goal accuracy dipped from 54 percent to 49.8 percent), and about one turnover more per game than the year before.

With a year of hard experience, the rival defenses were tougher. Pearl couldn't surprise them now. They doubled and trapped him, made him give up the dribble. They keyed on his favorite move—the faked crossover to his right, setting up the hard drive to his left. They brazenly conceded the 15-foot jump shot, no matter how many times he canned it.

On occasion they'd even try to deny him the outlet pass.

"The Big East is basically a zone conference, and a zone can take Dwayne out of the offense," said Brendan Malone, the former Syracuse assistant who recruited him. "Now he's going one-against-five, rather than one-on-one."

"People adjusted, and Pearl didn't adjust as well as he should have," said former Syracuse center Andre Hawkins.

It probably didn't help that Pearl's long winter of discontent was played out through the long winter at Syracuse, where SU basketball is the only show in town, where the ambience is more insular state university than cosmopolitan Big East. There's no time for an athlete to gather himself quietly at Syracuse. Every move he makes is applauded by a crazed community, every mistake dissected in the papers and the bars. "The media were up on Dwayne one game and down the next, independent of what he really did," Spera said. "He's got a tough skin, but there's only so much you can blow off. I don't think Dwayne had as much fun last year."

Maybe it's not so easy to be a phenom, not so wonderful to be compared to Oscar Robertson when you're 17 years old, not so glamorous to be nicknamed after a Hall of Fame shake-master. For phenoms are athletic innocents. They grow smug because it's all so easy. And then they reach a level where they can no longer dribble through a zone press, where the opposition is as big and as quick as they are. Suddenly they have limits like the rest of us—and the frustration is worse for being newly felt. They get discouraged,

■
Likened
to Earl,
at 8;
Oscar, at 17.
And more
heavy
baggage
at 21.

doubt the instincts that got them there.

If Washington played poorly at times last year, perhaps it was less out of recklessness than caution. Former Syracuse star Leo Rautins, who has traveled with the team as a radio announcer, remembers one midseason conversation. "He said to me that he felt the pressure, and that he was thinking before making the pass or taking the shot. His game is all instinct, and he's going to be in trouble if he's thinking. If you're tentative about making a pass, if you hesitate just a second, the hole is finished."

"A few times during the season, he lost confidence in himself," agreed Paul Brown. "He was playing a little scared. When Dwayne gets the ball, he has to just go. Eight of 10 times he'll make a great play, 2 times he'll turn it over. But last year he would get the ball and look to the bench first and then *maybe* go."

Washington agrees. "After you make one or two turnovers, it makes you think. You see some opening and you say, 'When I get there, it might not be open.' So you bring it out but then you say, 'Oh, what if it was open?'"

But that Hamlet routine belongs to last year's videotapes. Redemption lies within reach. As he enters his junior season, Washington has a harder body, a more mature supporting cast and a fierce pride that was stung but unshaken by last year's setback. Those closest to Pearl predict that he'll respond as he did in Camden or the Garden, as he normally has to a challenge: with his biggest year yet.

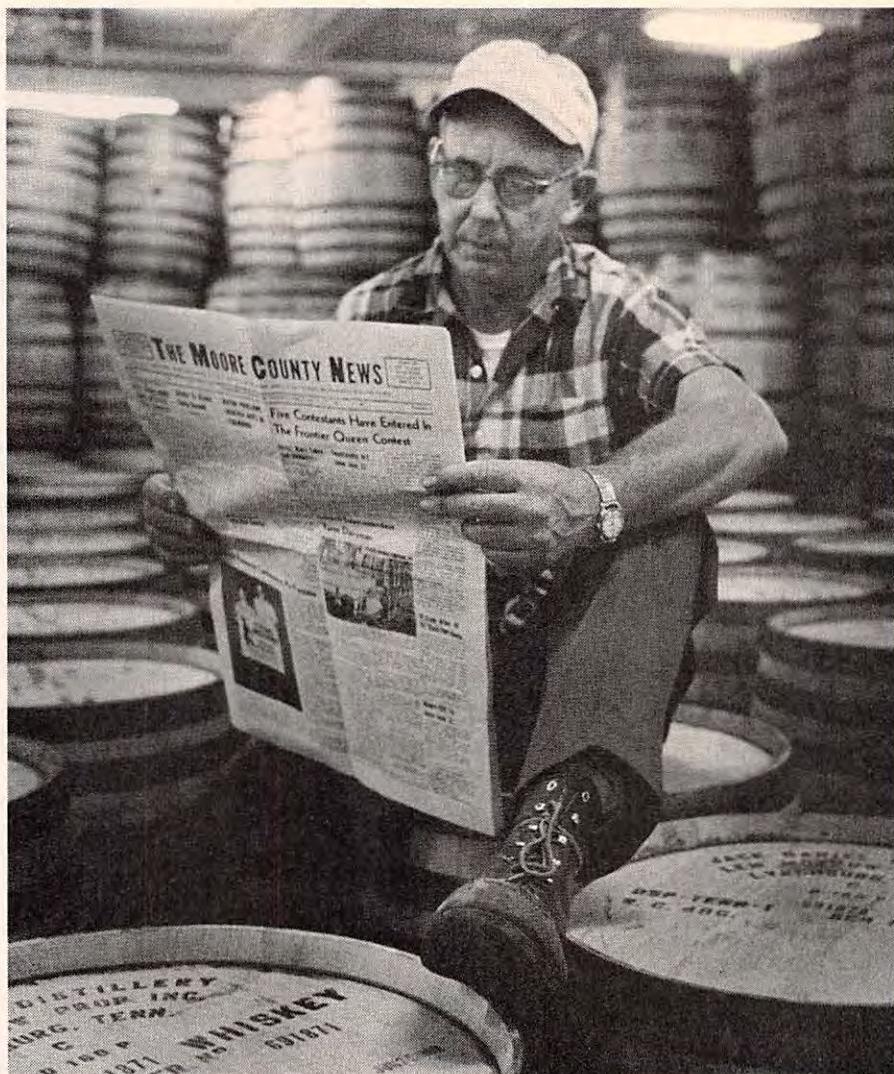
It is an optimistic time in Orangeland. Star forward Rafael Addison cuts up pickup games with some 78-rpm play by play. A more relaxed Boeheim actually jokes with his players before practice. Washington is all smiles as he huffs in the weight room.

But beneath the bonhomie, not far below the placid surface, a renewed sense of purpose is roiling. They are an odd couple, this driven upstate coach and easy Brooklyn natural, but they're united in the mission of their lives.

"It's something you learn from," said Washington of last season's troubles. "This year I plan to adjust."

"Dwayne has an absolute chance of being the best at his position," Boeheim said. "Very few of us have that chance. There's a responsibility for me and for him—and we've got to make sure he lives up to it." ★

Jeff Coplon writes frequently about sports and social issues for the Village Voice.



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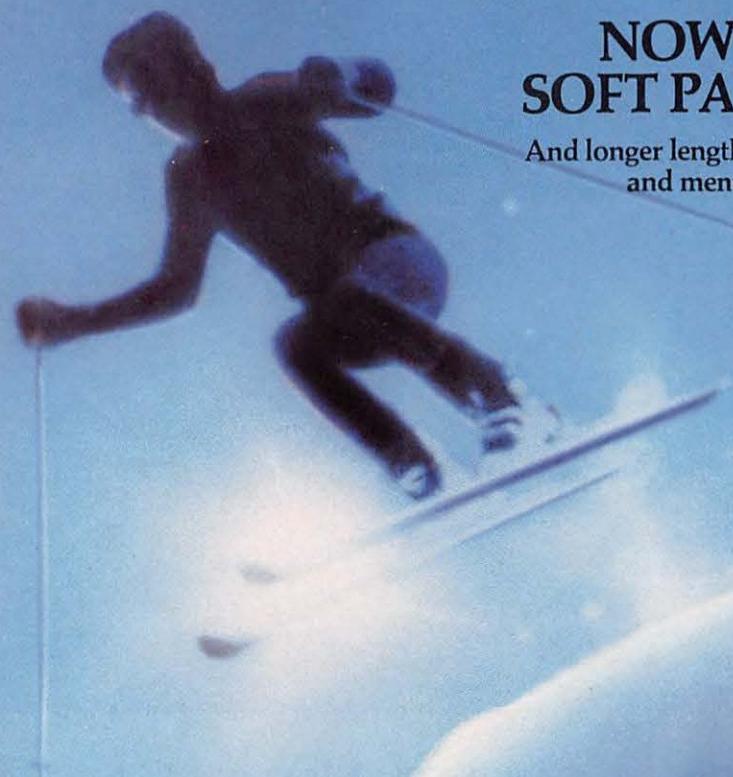
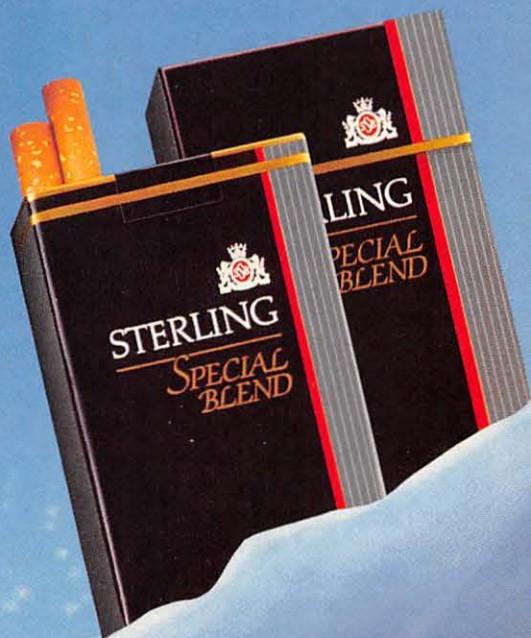
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A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE SPORTING LIFE

FAST TRACK

THE TOUGHEST TICKETS—AND HOW TO GET THEM

It happens every year around this time, and it always makes you mad. No, it's not the holiday season—it's Super Bowl season. And, invariably, some guy in your office is happily boasting that he has tickets.

You'd like to knock this guy down a notch, right? Try this: Tell him

you've got a really tough

"Getting Super Bowl tickets is normally not the problem," says Greg LaCoy, a broker with Murray's Tickets in L.A. "A lot of people who have access to tickets want to sell them rather than go to the game."

So what's a tough ticket? World Series? C'mon, you'll sniff. There are seven games. All you have to do is stand in line when they go on sale. Brokers and scalpers have plenty.

NBA Finals? Stanley Cup? Lots of tickets. All you need is cash.

Kentucky Derby? Now, that's tough. There are only 45,000 seats, from sky terrace boxes (catered meals and all) down to the grandstand seating, and each seat is assigned by invitation only. "A good seat is almost impossible to come by for the general public," says Edgar Allen of Churchill Downs. "They have to have an in."

Only a few hundred seats turn over to the waiting list each year. Even the horsemen who bring their ponies to run for the roses have to buy a ticket. And the prices are steep: a 16-seat box on the sixth floor goes for \$5,000. That's over \$300 a seat, pre-scalped.

But for only \$20, you can walk right through the turnstiles and head for the infield, with about 85,000 other folks. So you can get in.

The same holds true for the Indy 500. About 90 percent of all tickets are renewed by their holders each year, but for 10 bucks you can get general-admission tickets on race day.

Some college bowl games are tough, you'll admit. Only 3,500 end-zone seats are available for a general drawing for the Rose Bowl. Applications reach about 25,000. The rest of the tickets go to the conferences and participating schools, so a connection helps. Still, there are 103,000 seats there; somebody will be selling.

The Cotton Bowl's easy. People in the Southwest Conference buy up seats and sell out when they realize their team isn't playing. "A guy buys eight tickets," says Mike Justice, Cotton Bowl business manager. "He knows that if his team doesn't come he can find an Aggie or a Longhorn or a Baylor Bear who'll buy them." Or somebody else. Even travel agents can get tickets.

"Boxing's easy," says Greg LaCoy. "Some people have access to lots of seats. They're not giving them to friends. They're selling them to brokers."

"The Final Four, that's a pretty tough one," he continues. But what's the toughest?

The Masters. "Definitely the toughest," LaCoy says. Here's why.

The Masters closed its "patron's" list in 1971. The waiting list was closed in 1978. Only 50,000 or so tickets (actually, badges, to ward off counterfeits) exist. None go to travel agents. None to airlines. If a badge is scalped, the owner is taken off the list. If a badge owner passes away, the spouse can claim it. But no one else. Not even the kids. "The story goes that these badges are passed on in wills," says Masters tournament director David Davis. "But we don't honor wills."

That is a tough ticket.

But if you're asked how you got one, play it coy. As one fellow in the ticket procurement business put it, "It's a very delicate situation."

—David Levine

WHEELS

DRIVE TIME: CARS OF THE STARS



Professional athletes can afford any kind of car they want to drive. So the choice they make generally says something about the style of the chooser. See for yourself. And by the way, what kind of car do you drive?

Walter Payton, RB, Chicago Bears. When Kangaroo wanted to give their star endorser a little something for his record-breaking season last year, Walter picked a 1983 Lamborghini, complete with "a recording studio" sound system. Why a Lamborghini? "Because I like speed," he says. A Lamborghini can get up to 238 MPH. **Calvin Murphy**, Houston Rockets, retired. During his playing days Murphy's agent wouldn't let him squander his money on fancy cars. But then



Payton's place: At the wheel of his Lamborghini. He usually drives right behind **William (The Refrigerator) Perry**.



Young's '65 Olds has 225,000 miles on it. "But it does the job," he says. "I just keep putting it back together."

kid still keeps his 1965 Oldsmobile Dynamic 88. Bought brand new by the family, it was passed down to Steve and now has 225,000 miles on it. "But it does the job," says Young. "I just keep putting it back together."

Tom Cousineau, LB, Browns—1985 4x4 Nissan truck, rigged for off-road.

Doug Flutie, QB, Generals—1985 Porsche.

Tony Dorsett, RB, Cowboys—1985 Mercedes 500SL, sheepskin seats, license plate TXNO1B (Texas' No. 1 Back).

Kelly Tripucka, Pistons—1984 Jaguar.

Larry Bird, Celtics—1983 Ford Bronco.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Lakers—1959 Cadillac.

Eddie Murray, Orioles—1985 Corvette.

Dave Winfield, Yankees—1984 Maserati Quattroporte.

Larry Holmes—1985 Cadillac Seville.

Barry Beck, N.Y. Rangers, (6-3, 220 pounds)—1983 VW Rabbit.

Mark Pavelich, N.Y. Rangers (5-8, 170 pounds)—1982 Jeep.

—Helene F. Rubinstein

ROAD TRIP

FOR GOLFERS IN JAPAN, PRACTICE MAKES PRACTICE



There is a two-hour wait to tee off. It is a Saturday and this is Tokyo and the people at the head of the line arrived at 7:30 A.M., half an hour before the gates opened. You are thinking: This is about a golf course. But you are wrong: This is

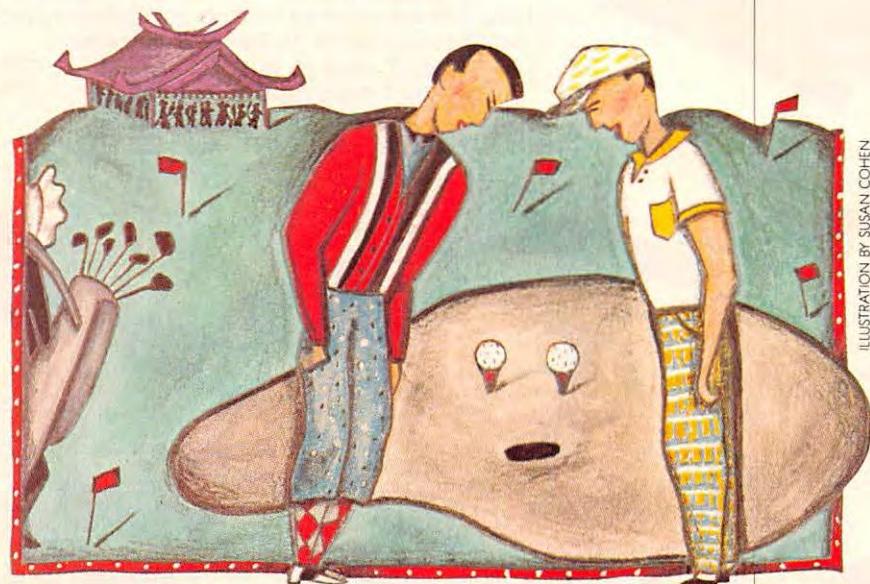


ILLUSTRATION BY SUSAN COHEN

Calvin retired and bought a custom-made, 1982 Cadillac Seville Operetta. "It's a two-seater," says Murphy, "with a Rolls Royce grille. There are two spare tires mounted on the sides of the front, which is stretched out real

long." Murphy's drive-around car is a 1981 Toyota with one spare tire—kept in the trunk.

Steve Young, QB, Tampa Bay Buccaneers. With a six-year, \$5.5-million contract, this

kid still keeps his 1965 Oldsmobile Dynamic 88. Bought brand new by the family, it was passed down to Steve and now has 225,000 miles on it. "But it does the job," says Young. "I just keep putting it back together."

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—Helene F. Rubinstein

about a driving range.

The Japanese like to play golf. They like to play on the subway and at crosswalks and in the privacy of their homes. They like to play on golf courses, too, but that does not happen very often. This does not keep them from getting ready to play. Because the day will come when they will rise at dawn, dress themselves in their Jack Nicklaus golfing attire, take their King of Kings of Golf golf bags and head off for a golf course, far, far away.

Maybe they will get to play three times a year; the truly lucky ones get to play once a month. There is a great deal standing in their way. Consider this: Japan, which is smaller in size than Montana, has only 1,438 golf courses. (In the United States there are some 180,000.) Yet there are 120 million people in Japan, of whom about 30 million would like a tee-off time.

It gets worse. Of those 1,438 golf courses, roughly 140 are public. The rest are private. Which means you have to be a member to play. Which means you can pay as much as \$400,000 to join and \$65 every time you want to play, if—and this is a big if—you are granted membership. It is helpful if you are a cabinet minister.

WHAT THEN IS THE JAPANESE golfer to do? Prepare. For the general idea in Japanese golf is to avoid looking silly. It is best to practice. It is best to go to the driving range.

The driving range satisfies many needs. Perhaps that is why there are 3,570 across the country. That is an

increase of 148 over last year. The ranges accommodated 72,781,000 customers last year, or about 10 million more than the golf courses did. Beginners will come by as often as 4 times a week; the average is 6.6 times a month. These numbers are courtesy of the Kanto Driving Range Association. Yes, driving-range association. With its own newspaper.

There is a tradition here that translates roughly as "The Way Of..." There is The Way of the Tea Ceremony. There is The Way of the Sword. And there is The Way of Golf. If you are going to do something here, you do it in the generally recognized way.

"Our basic understanding in Japan is that you ought to practice half a year on the driving range before you go to the course," says Shuichi Yamashita of the Driving Range Association. He sits in a small office with a calendar from the Masters tournament hanging close by.

Tokyo is a big city with little available space. There are driving ranges on top of department stores. There are driving ranges that are 10 yards long, where all you can do is hit the ball into a net and be left wondering how far it might have gone. The Japanese call these *torikago*, or bird cages.

And then there are The Driving Ranges. The triple-deckers, with 100-plus stations. Like Nippon TV Golf Garden & Clinic, where getting it right has been a tradition for 14 years.

Nippon TV fills its 160 stations with perhaps 1,000 people on a Sunday, each paying 10 yen per ball (about

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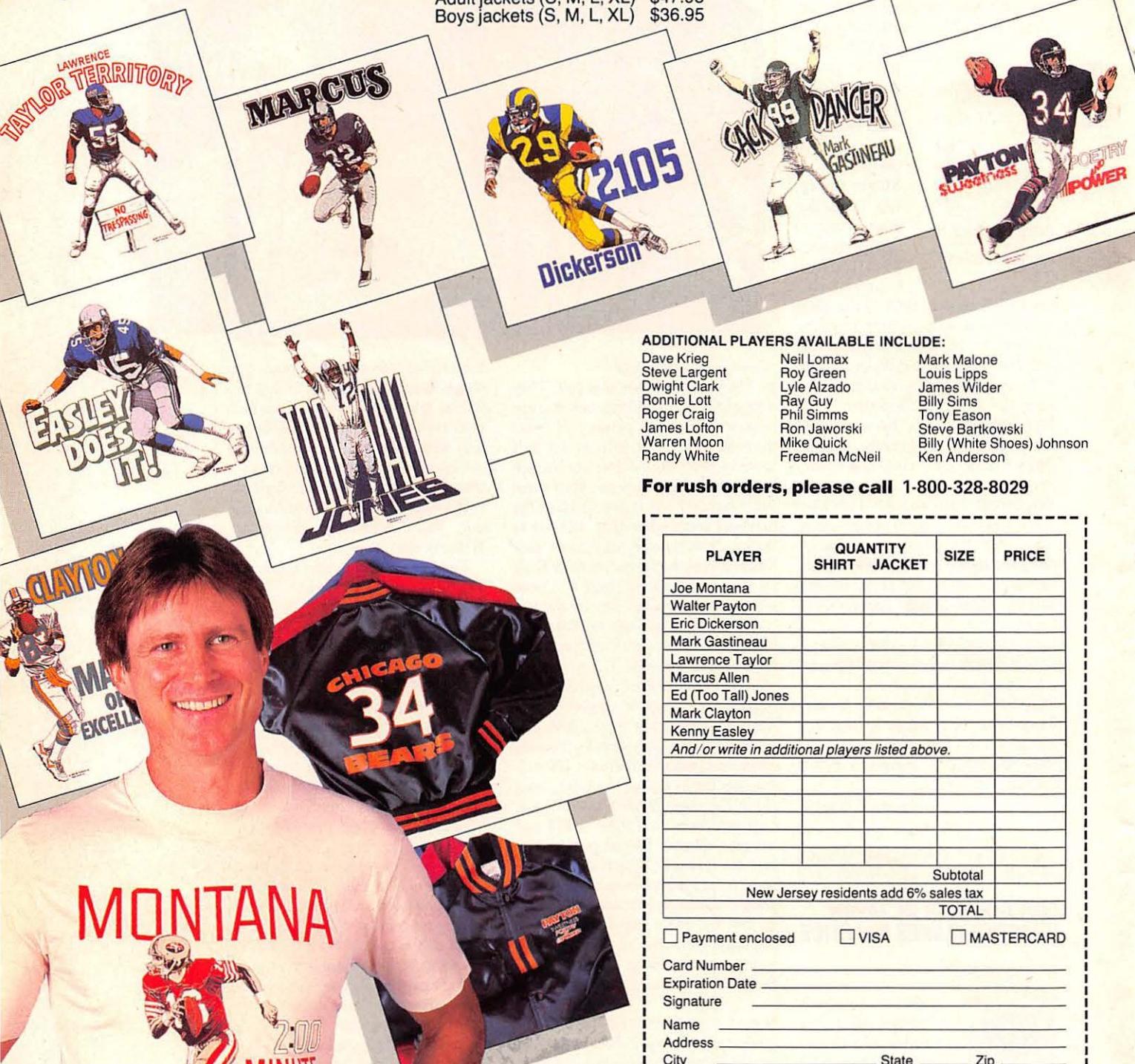
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a nickel). The driving stations stretch across three decks. The third deck is reserved for women, according to Minoru Yokoyama, manager of the range, because women will not hit as far as men and so will not run the risk of hitting the ball into the window of a nearby building.

NIPPON TV PERIODICALLY REVISES the posted waiting time to tee off. But even if the wait is long, there are two televisions, an air-conditioned waiting area, a pro shop, a putting-practice machine, a restaurant and a lobby that feels like the 19th hole at a country club.

Yet while the conveniences abound, Mr. Yamashita is quick with the reminder that this is not an end in itself. It is only an exercise in preparation. "Going to the driving range is part of your compulsory education," he says. "But in the end you have to move on to the higher education." By that, he means the course. If you are lucky. And wealthy. And ready.

Mr. and Mrs. Fujikawa are ready. They sit in the waiting area of the Nippon TV Golf Center. They are young. Mr. Fujikawa is among that elite few who play once a month. Mrs. Fujikawa is learning. She has been coming to the driving range for several months. She thinks she will be ready to move on in six months. "I am curious to see a golf course," she says.

—Michael Shapiro

WIRE D

TAKE THEM OUT TO THE BALLGAME



I have always enjoyed a close relationship with television. In my early years the television set served as a surrogate parent; later, it was my roommate and buddy. But after I bought my first portable—a 6-pound, 10-ounce, foot-long color set with a 3.5-inch screen—I realized that television had become like a son.

Of course, I wanted to take my son, er, set, to a ballgame. However, it was there that the father-son relationship became most evident—and prob-

lematic. As with a son, I wanted to keep it away from strangers; I couldn't get comfortable until it did (or I wouldn't get a good reception); it got hungry (for batteries); it got cranky under a hot sun (even moderate sunlight obliterated its picture); and I couldn't jump up spontaneously (or it might have fallen and cracked its head open).

Well, all that seems to be changing, thanks to the newest generation of portable TV: the liquid crystal display (LCD) set. Instead of requiring a

The LCD TV can store all it needs to produce a picture between two pieces of glass. Some fit nicely in your pocket.

cathode-ray tube, or CRT (the conventional picture tube; the Sony Watchman uses one), the LCD can store just about all it needs to produce a picture between two pieces of glass. That allows the manufacturer to scale down the size and weight of the set; some fit nicely in your breast pocket.

These babies seem to have outgrown the battery-feeding stage. Jerry Astor, vice president of the consumer electronics division of the Hattori Corporation (the parent of Seiko), says that a black-and-white LCD will run about 10 hours on two AA batteries; the color sets run five and a half.

But what makes the LCD different is that, unlike the cathode-ray models, LCDs don't generate light to make a picture. Instead, they use backlighting from the sun itself. The viewing screen can be flipped up and away from the chassis to produce a better picture as outdoor light increases. (A separate switch must be turned on to generate light for indoor viewing.)

Among the new models out in time for Christmas are the Epson Elf ET-12 color set, which measures approximately one-by-three-by-six inches, and the Seiko LVD-202, a tiny 5.8 inches by 1.1 inches (it even has a built-in clock). Both units have 2-inch screens. The Casio TV-1000 has a 2.5-inch screen, making

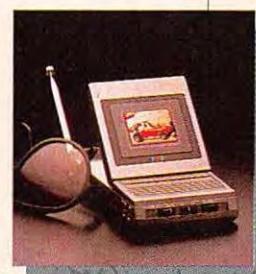
it a bit easier to watch over long periods.

The LCD is not yet the model child. Though the black-and-white sets are amazingly light (about 7 ounces) and small, some of them look like Etch-A-Sketch screens. The color sets are appreciably clearer, but while some give off a curiously pleasing 3-D effect, others look like those Cracker Jacks prizes with the picture of a baseball batter on them—hold it one way, the batter is set to swing, tilt it and he follows through.

And there's the price. Black-and-white LCDs go for \$199, and the color sets run between \$350 and \$400.

So, do you want to have another child? Well, you may prefer to wait, feeling that prices will go down while the quality goes up over the next few years. And the future looks bright, says Astor. Down the road, the LCD will have a razor-sharp resolution; the set itself will be wafer-thin. "And you know those Star Trek reruns you watch every night? Someday soon," says Astor, "we'll be able to produce a communicator just like the one Captain Kirk uses."

A TV in outer space? My grandson the astronaut!



From CRTs (bottom two) to LCDs (top three): Boldly going where no TV has gone before.



Raise your hand if you're Sure.



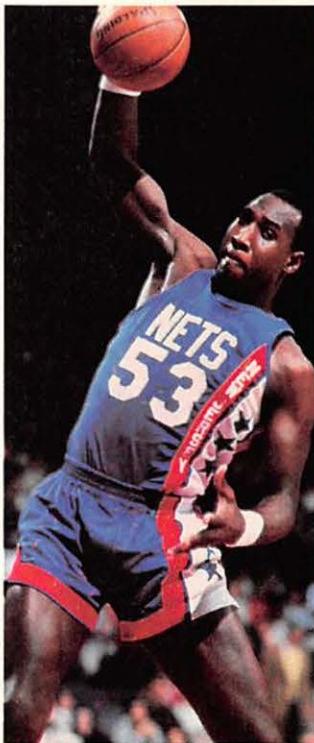
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For that confident, dry, secure feeling,
raise your hand and reach for Sure.

SPORT QUIZ

1. Which player is the NBA's career leader in shots blocked per game?



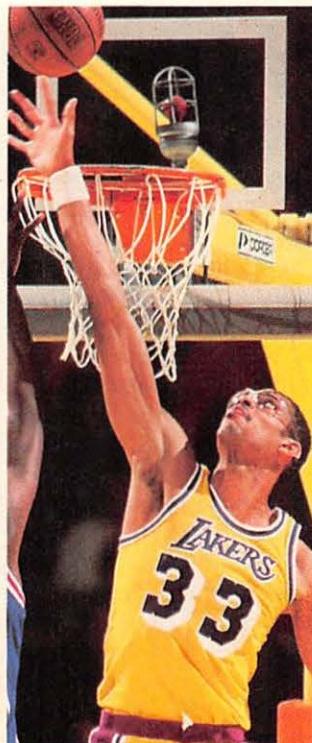
a. Darryl Dawkins



b. Artis Gilmore



c. Tree Rollins



d. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

2. An active NHL player holds the distinction of being the only man to have played alongside both Gordie Howe and Mike Bossy in regular-season competition. Name him.

3. Nebraska, Oklahoma and Texas are the only schools that have produced the Heisman and the Outland Trophy winners in the same year. One of those three schools has done so twice. Which school is it and who were the award-winning players?

4. A current NBA head coach is the son of a member of the NBA's first championship team, the 1946-47 Philadelphia Warriors. Who is he?

- a. Doug Moe
- b. Phil Johnson
- c. Matt Guokas
- d. Mike Fratello

5. Since the NFL began regularly using a wild-card playoff format in 1970, one division has produced the most wild-card playoff teams (12). Which division is it?

- a. AFC West
- b. NFC Central

- c. AFC East
- d. NFC East

6. "Last season we couldn't win at home and we were losing on the road. My failure as a coach was that I couldn't think of anyplace else to play." Who said it?

- a. Bum Phillips
- b. Harry Neale
- c. Frank Layden
- d. Lou Holtz

7. Since 1972 there has been only one shutout recorded in any of the four classic bowl games (Rose, Orange, Cotton and Sugar). Name the bowl and the winning and losing teams.

8. Only seven active NFL head coaches have winning records in playoff competition. Which of the following is one of those seven?

- a. Don Coryell
- b. Chuck Knox
- c. Bum Phillips
- d. Bud Grant

9. Pelle Lindbergh of the Philadelphia Flyers is one of only three goaltenders in NHL history to win or share the Vezina

Trophy with a goals-against average higher than 3. Name the other two.

10. In October, Toronto's Bobby Cox became the sixth manager either to resign or be fired after guiding a team to an appearance in the American League Championship Series. Name the other five.

11. Three schools in NCAA Division-I basketball history have enjoyed seasons in which they averaged over 100 points per game. Which school was the first to do so?

- a. UCLA
- b. Jacksonville
- c. Nevada-Las Vegas
- d. Oral Roberts

The Stumper

In the famous "Immaculate Reception" pass play during the 1972 AFC playoffs, Steelers quarterback Terry Bradshaw's pass was not intended for Franco Harris. Who was Bradshaw's primary receiver when he called the play in the huddle?

Answer the Stumper and win a SPORT T-shirt. In case of a tie, we'll draw three winners. The Stumper answer will appear next month; other answers are on page 21. Send postcards only (with T-shirt size) to SPORT Quiz, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018, by Jan 3.

X's and O's TV.

We don't need all that. We got it all right here. Right here, in this room...." The inspiration emanates in waves into the Texas night.

"We don't need anything. But we do need all of us. WE DON'T NEED ANY ONE THING!..." The preacher pauses, his voice ready to crack with emotion. "But we do need ALL OF EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT!" The music swells, the camera pans over a sea of rapt faces as we break for this commercial message.

It's Sunday night in Dallas, where they take their TV preaching seriously, and thousands keep the faith with Fred Akers, coach of the University of Texas Longhorns, one of six Texas coaches—and another four from out of state, plus some high school coaches—holding forth on video pulpits each week. In a city where religions advertise on billboards and the Sunday newspaper runs no fewer than eight pages of college football stories, the two faiths converge in the institution of the Sunday coach's show.

"That's the great thing about Texas," says Roger Tuttle, public affairs director for station KTVT in Fort Worth. "They bring you in to coach football, and they make you a TV star."

Time was when you could watch a block of coach's shows from 7:00 P.M. to almost midnight, without a break. Today, cable TV and the addition of shows from Army, Notre Dame, Oklahoma, LSU, two Dallas Cowboys shows, two high school wrap-up shows, and two Dallas high school coaches' shows make for a full day and night of testimony and signification.

The fun begins in midafternoon with the "B-team"—Bill Yeoman (Houston), Jerry Moore (Texas Tech) and Jackie Sherrill (A&M)—going up against NFL football, that is, the Cowboys. Yeoman: stoic and self-assured, grandfatherly in crumpled hat and headphones along the sidelines, speaks soothingly from inside a gray business suit. His is the standard cardboard living-room set, and the standard hang-tough message.

Cougar somber gives way to South

Plains glitz: drums pounding, cleats tightening, Red Raiders rushing up runways and linebackers pounding each other's shoulder pads in a kind of poor man's *This Week in Pro Football*—welcome to Texas Tech's *Jerry Moore Show*. Coach Moore's thinning, slicked-down strands and his plaid sports jacket recall a feed salesman. His aw-shucks delivery is all soft sell. "Now, well, no," he demurs to his bubbling, Lubbock co-host's suggestion that this year's team is showing more spirit than last year's. "I don't want

a slick threat to Texans, raising more than eyebrows as it makes inroads on the target high school audience. The challenge is answered later, in prime time, by the prophets from TCU, Texas and Baylor, starting at 9:00.

Fred Akers and co-host sit as matching bookends in white coach's jerseys at the start of the broadcast, switching to matching red after the first commercial break. There is crisp commentary, the locker-room sermon and Akers at the blackboard. This week he explains the run 'n' shoot offense.

Grant Teaff appeals more to emotion than intellect. Baylor's top Bear dresses like a bank vice president. His analysis of the loss to Georgia is almost stream of consciousness, as if he were narrating slides from his vacation. "There's Coach Dooley," he says as the Baylor camera pans the opposing sideline. "Coach Dooley is a fine leader of our coaching profession. He's the president of our Coaches' Association."

And then there is Jim Wacker, molder of youth and breaker of the mold of coaches' shows. No co-host, no set. Slick game clips are lifted from the team's TV broadcasts ("It's 10 o'clock, do you know where the Frogs are? They're on the Tulane 10-yard line"); the features are music videos: Horned Frogs drilling to Hall and Oates.

The Jim Wacker Show is Dallas' ratings champ—holding its own even after the recruiting scandal broke and the losing started. "It's easy to root for the Under-frog," Wacker says hopefully. Scandal, sacrifice and overcoming them has become the painful theme this year. Even after a loss to Rice, Wacker is upbeat. There are the plays that almost won the game, and a hootenanny of a feature on the team chaplain. Wacker ends the show seated in a director's chair on the TCU AstroTurf. "I promise, folks," he begins... dissolve to the chair now occupied by an oversized stuffed toad... "the Horned Frogs will be princes once more."

And that's the idea, really. Now it's time for the late news, a big chunk of which will concern itself with, yes, Texas college football.

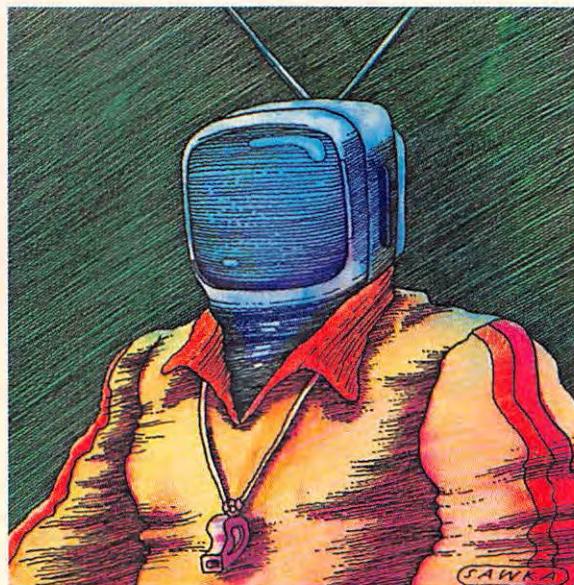


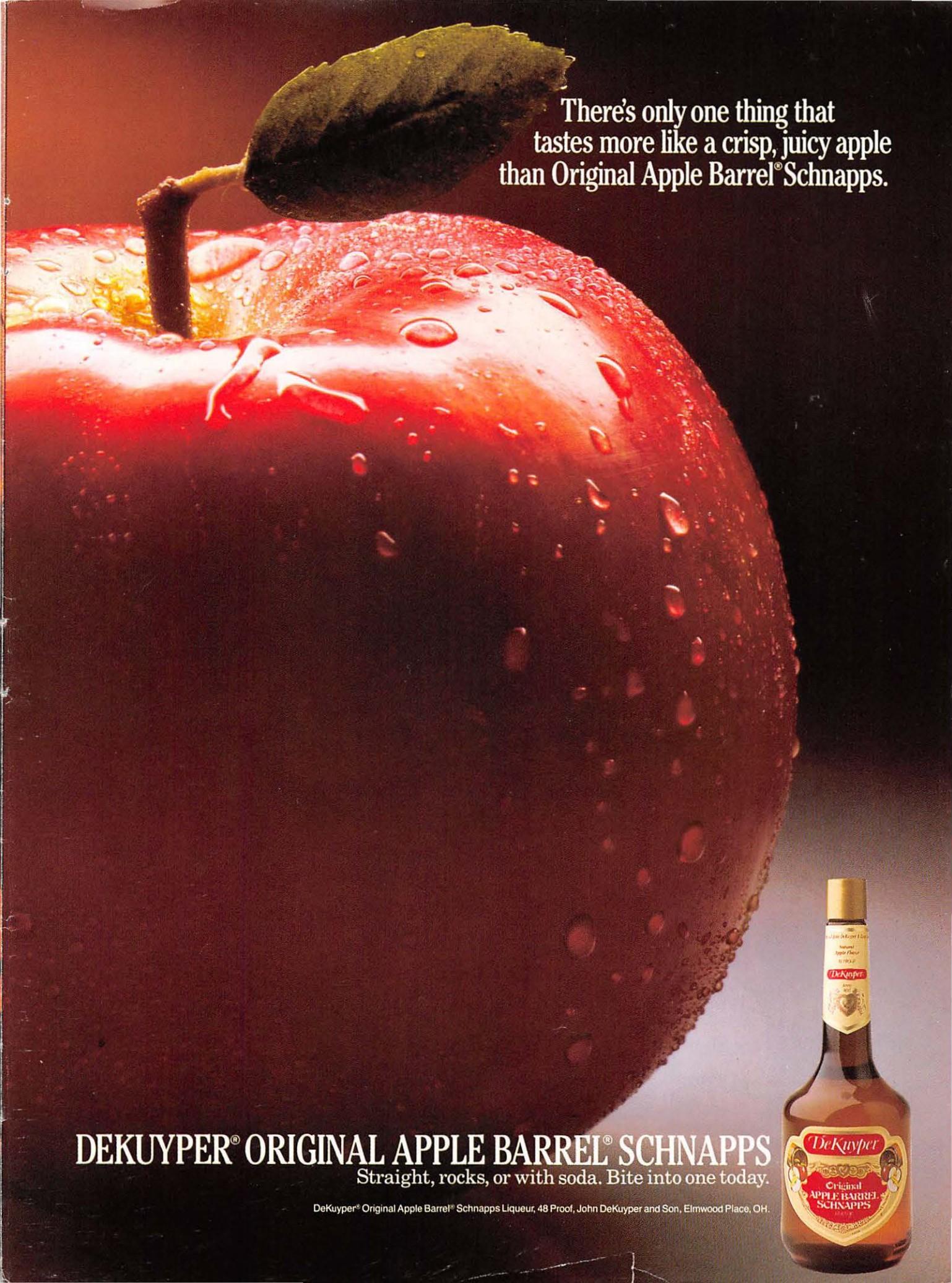
ILLUSTRATION BY JAN SAWKA

to be the first to cast stones...."

Moore reportedly earns \$45,000—above his \$50,000 salary—to host *The Jerry Moore Show*. Considering what Jackie Sherrill makes, this is probably a bargain. We're back to somber with Sherrill's show, a blurry mix of game footage and interviews that appears as uneven as the Aggies' performance on the field.

With Sherrill's appearances limited to snippets from his postgame interview and with a "co-host" who does all the work, *The Jackie Sherrill Show* is both dull and a misnomer. There is the maroon coach's jacket, and the sad eyes that rarely look into the camera, and pleas for alumni support voiced over pastel pictures of the campus.

The first wave is gone by 4:30, leaving the airwaves to a brash comer from outside the state. The Oklahoma show is



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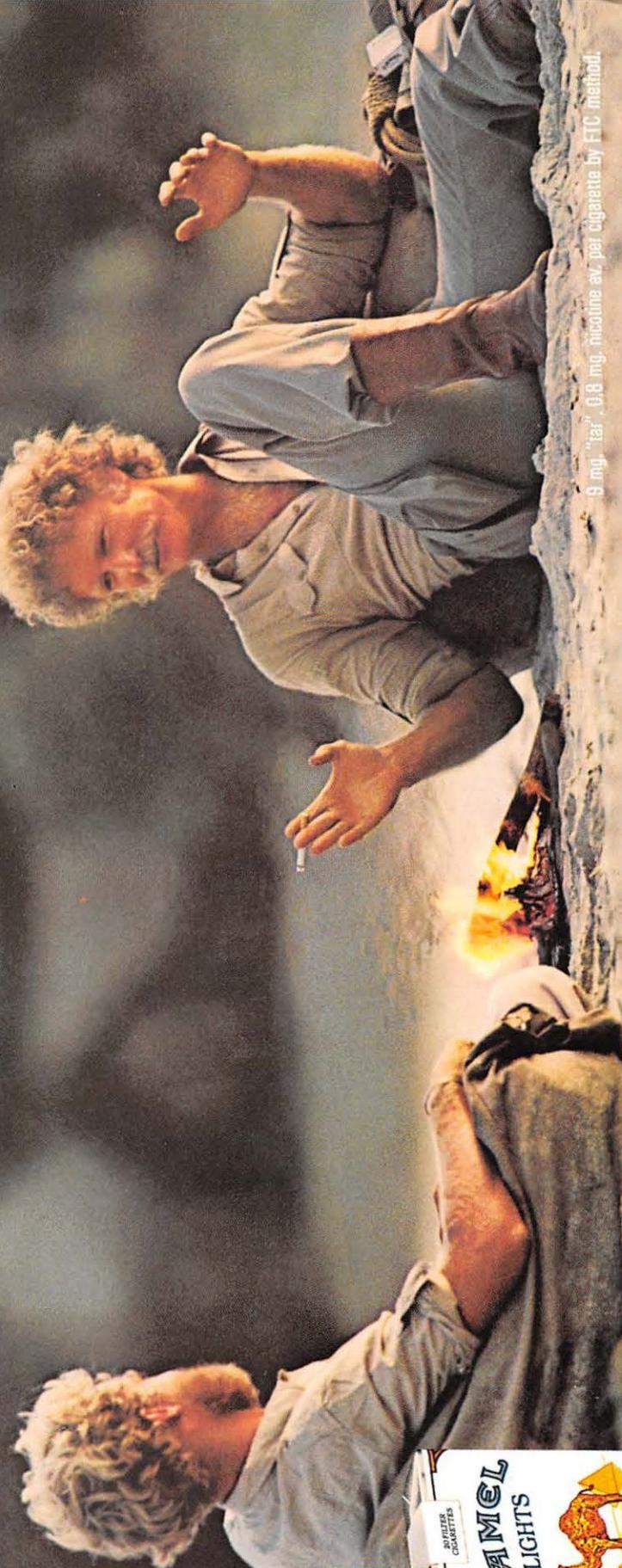
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